How the first female Mounties fought for equality

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# CONTENTS

Vol. 91:4

# Features

**18** **Demon Rum**
Authorities in Prohibition-era Ontario were desperate to staunch the flow of illegal booze smuggled into the United States. So they turned to a pistol-packing preacher and his team of vigilante lawmen.
*by Mark Bourrie*

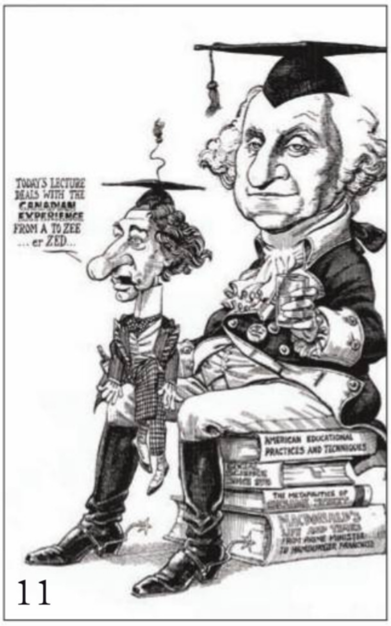
**26** **Diving Deep**
Advances in underwater archaeology technology hold out hope for tantalizing new discoveries.
*by Douglas Hunter*

**32** **Women on the Force**
Canada's first female Mounties had a tough time fitting in — but you won't find their stories in official RCMP histories.
*by Bonnie Reilly Schmidt*

**42** **Making Noise**
In the 1960s, anything seemed possible. Perhaps that's why a raucous band of nihilist musicians wound up representing Canada at an international art competition.
*by Katie Cholette*

COVER:GETSTOCK/PHOTO ILLUSTRATION MICHEL GROLEAU

# CONTENTS


TODAY'S LECTURE DEALS WITH THE CANADIAN EXPERIENCE FROM A TO ZEE ...er ZED...
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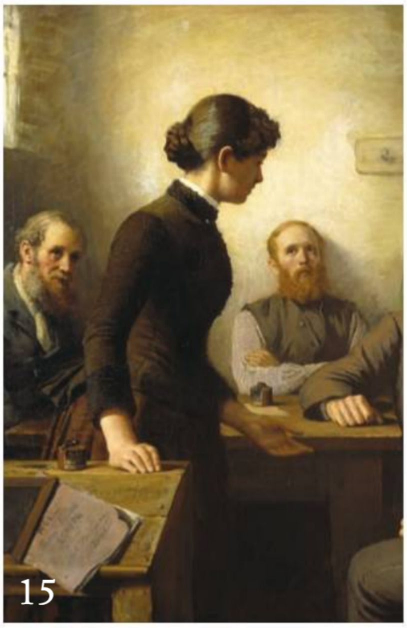
THE METAPHYSICS OF

11



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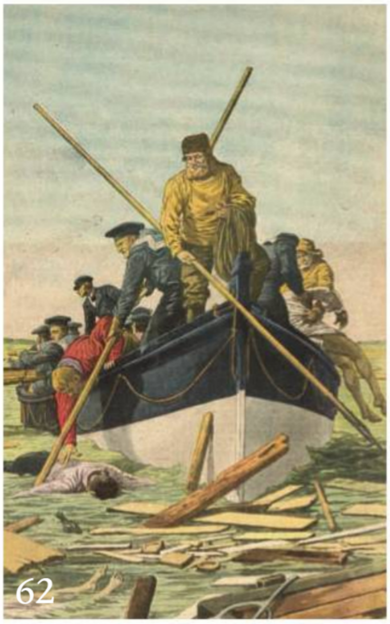

62

# Departments

**7 Letters** Against asbestos. Critical debate. Admirable artist.

**14 History Idol** Will Ferguson idolizes Agnes Macphail, Canada's first female Member of Parliament.

**15 Brush Strokes** Confronting authority in Robert Harris's *A Meeting of the School Trustees*.

**16 Moment** Gretzky to Lemieux: Hockey's Great One passes the torch during the 1987 Canada Cup.

**47 Reviews** Selfless surgeon. Captivating convert. Fight for the white. Critical victory. Passionate pragmatist. More books.

**55 Your Story** A group of young women forge fast friendships in Ottawa during the Second World War.

**57 Trading Post** Historic hair pomade. Plus, *Beaver* stories from thirty, sixty, and ninety years ago.

**58 Timeline** Lord Selkirk establishes a settlement in Assiniboia, sparking a period of conflict.

**60 Tina Loo** Is our policy of multiculturalism, which turns forty this year, actually hurting the country?

**62 Christopher Moore** Gone are the days when immigration to Canada meant danger on the high seas.

**65 Getaway** Cruising coastal British Columbia.

**67 History Matters** Praiseworthy teachers.

**69 Roots** Tips for finding female ancestors.

**70 Album** A beaver tale for the ages.

# Currents

**10 News** A Quebec man fights to have a Canadian recognized for a heroic act of bravery in the United States.

**11 Laugh lines** An influx of U.S.-born university professors had Canadians fearing American cultural influence.

**11 Our home and native** Crokinole.

**12 Hidden heritage** Built for aluminum company workers, Arvida, Quebec, remains a model town.

**12 News** First Nations seek UNESCO designation for Manitoba-Ontario boreal forest region.

**13 News** Alberta's newest provincial park is set for unveiling.

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EDITOR'S NOTE

# Getting their women

*"Physically strong and courageous, he personified the heroic qualities of the early North-West Mounted Police. He even looked the part to perfection: tall, barrel-chested, and handsome, inspiring confidence in men and admiration in women."* — a description of Sir Sam Steele, from the *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*.

In 1897, Canada sent a contingent of North-West Mounted Police to London to represent our young Dominion at Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee.

Chosen specifically for their height and physical fitness, the officers — all men, of course — wowed the crowds. I say of course, because in that era the notion of a woman in red serge would have been preposterous. Mounties were supposed to physically resemble North-West Mounted Police Superintendent Sam Steele, the "Lion of the Frontier," who drove the whisky peddlers from the untamed West and brought peace and order to the Klondike.

Times have changed in the RCMP, and we have women like Donna Morse to thank for it. In "Women on the Force," historian Bonnie Reilly Schmidt brings us the untold story of the courageous women — including Morse — who in 1974 made up the first cohort of female RCMP recruits.

The decision to accept women as Mounties came a century after the NWMP was founded in 1874 (it became the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in 1920, thanks to an act of Parliament). Schmidt, a former Mountie herself, details the intense pressure the first female recruits faced, both on and off the job.

Their training took place in a fishbowl atmosphere. Upon graduation, the rookie officers were objects of curiosity and, at times, animosity.

The introduction of women officers also forced senior RCMP administrators to tackle tough questions surrounding gender equality.

The stereotype of the male Mountie of yore — the "tall, barrel-chested, and handsome" version epitomized by Sam Steele — is difficult to dispel. After all, that iconic version is as Canadian as maple syrup.

But the reality is that more than thirty-two percent of RCMP officers today are female. Female officers work on the front lines of policing, taking the same risks as their male counterparts. As Schmidt writes, "Since 1974, women have distinguished themselves as members of the force."

You have no doubt heard the old saying: The Mounties always get their man. Well, in 1974, the RCMP got their women, and all Canadians are better off for it.

***

In this issue of *Canada's History*, we also present part four of our six-part series on Parks Canada's centennial. In the latest instalment, we highlight the agency's efforts to preserve shipwrecks and other sunken heritage. You'll also find features on rum-running, and anarchist musicians — perfect fare for summer reading. Enjoy!

Mark Reid

MARIANNE HELM

# Contributors

"Demon Rum," was written by Mark Bourrie, who holds a Ph.D. in history from the University of Ottawa. His tenth book, *The Fog of War: Canada's Press Censorship in World War II*, is being published in August. Bourrie is a National Magazine Award-winning journalist, a member of the Canadian Parliamentary Press Gallery since 1994, and a sessional lecturer in history at Carleton University.

Katie Cholette, who wrote "Making Noise," is a Canadian art historian and writer whose primary areas of research are the intersection of cultural nationalism, identity, and visual culture in Canada during the mid-twentieth century. Cholette holds a Ph.D. in Canadian studies from Carleton University. She teaches courses in art and architectural history and is currently an associate editor for *The Underhill Review*.

Douglas Hunter, who wrote "Diving Deep," won the National Business Book Award for *The Bubble and the Bear* and was a finalist for both the Writers' Trust Non-Fiction Prize and the Governor-General's Literary Award for Non-Fiction for *God's Mercies*. His new book, *The Race to the New World*, is being published by Palgrave Macmillan in New York in September 2011 and by Douglas and McIntyre in Canada in early 2012.

Bonnie Reilly Schmidt, author of "Women on the Force," served with the RCMP in British Columbia between 1977 and 1987. She is a Ph.D. candidate in history at Simon Fraser University and is completing her dissertation on the history of women in the RCMP. Schmidt has spoken at a number of conferences since 2005 and has been published in the *RCMP Quarterly*. Schmidt thanks Donna Morse for her contributions to this article.

# Stop asbestos mining

Canada's History
Bryce Hall Main Floor
515 Portage Place
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I was fascinated to read "Deadly Secret" in the April-May 2011 issue of *Canada's History*. I am a physician who has seen first-hand the suffering of patients with mesothelioma, the cancer associated with asbestosis.

Unfortunately, the asbestos industry continues to be driven by dollars rather than sense. The industry continues to decide which lives are expendable for the good of the industry. These global citizens now tend to be in Southeast Asia, where Canada exports most of our asbestos, rather than the French Canadians highlighted in the article.

As a member of CAPE (Canadian Association of Physicians for the Environment) I hope that articles like this will help to pressure our governments into a ban on asbestos mining and exports.

Jon H. Johnsen
Thunder Bay, Ontario

## Life ruined by asbestos

Thank you for publishing your article "Deadly Secret" by Lorraine Mallinder. If the story on the asbestos cover-up had been printed fifty-five years ago, and I had taken the time to read it, it would have saved me a lot of grief.

I speak from experience. I was diagnosed with asbestosis in 1988. I had a lung lobectomy done shortly after. It has progressed to the other lung and I'm on oxygen to assist me with the lightest tasks. As well as being a problem for my lungs, it has also affected my heart. I have been at odds with the so-called employees' compensation bureau ever since. I can sympathize with anybody who has asbestos-related health problems. I feel for their families.

Thanks to Gerrit Schepers, who dedicated his life, at all risks, to expose the asbestos industry for what it has done in the past and for what is still going on in Quebec today. The article speaks of the Quebec asbestos strike of 1949 and what happened between the countries of Canada, South Africa, and the U.S. The last paragraph says it all. The expression "insanity is doing the same things over and over and expecting different results" applies here.

The real issue is why this corruption still exists. Quebec workers are still producing the substance, which is condemned globally by medical experts. The compensation boards and their doctors are still applying their rules for payouts. Somehow, there are people still desperate enough in Quebec to work the mines at these risks.

We haven't heeded history, and the 1949 strike seems to have been in vain. What is even worse, the people who have contracted this deadly disease are still suffering and dying.

Like the tobacco industry, the asbestos industry is making big profits. The Canadian people should realize that the overall expense caused by this industry is a great burden to our medical system. Should there be a referendum on abolishing these industries, I'm all for it.

Pete Wilson
Tumbler Ridge, British Columbia

## Map miscue

Having spent a good deal of my career trying to produce history books that use maps to tell a story and illustrate historical events, I was appalled to see the terrible quality of the Jesuit map reproduced in your April-May issue ["In God's Name," by Dominque Deslandres]. This map is full of interesting and useful information, all of which is unreadable as shown. The map looks like a poor copy downloaded from the Web. You do those of us interested in historical maps an injustice!

Derek Hayes
author, *Historical Atlas of Canada*, and president,
Historical Map Society
of British Columbia

## Missed opportunity

Dominque Deslandres' article on the Jesuits and the Iroquois ["In God's Name," April-May 2011] could have been so good, for there is no doubt of her learnedness.

The general perspective, however, seems hardly to have moved forward in its historical and critical sympathies from Abbé Groulx. It is unfortunate that Deslandres did not take the opportunity to use her undoubted learning to reflect further on the problematic issues that surround this event.

The perspective of the account she gives — so empathic to the "sublimity" of Jean de Brébeuf and his brethren and so pragmatic in the motivation ascribed to the Iroquois — helps explain why so many European-trained priests in the Canadian northwest at the turn of last century and beyond found the Quebec-trained priests and sisters to be so prejudiced against native Canadians. The whole unfortunate thrust of her account is not helped by the editorial choice of the cover title and sub-statement.

Campbell A. Ross, Ph.D.
instructor emeritus
Grande Prairie
Regional College, Alberta

## Critical debate

Suppose some of your readers believe it would be a good idea to stimulate interest in Canadian history by presenting debates on historical controversies and how some of them relate to current issues. Thanks to *Canada's History* columnist Christopher Moore ["Debatable history," April-May 2011], there now appears to be a set of guidelines we all can follow:

1. Stay away from current controversies, because even if debaters deal with them in detailed historical context, you will be accused of the sin of "relentless presentism." In fact, you'll face that accusation even about debates that are relentlessly historical.

2. Be careful that your debates do not involve "manufactured controversy" about either past or present. According to Moore, you would manufacture a controversy that never was in debating the justness of Louis Riel's execution. Apparently, there was just a lot of meaningless froth about that issue back in 1885. Be careful, too, not to be offensive, — say, to the Métis — with your topics. Good luck, of course, in formulating a proposition for debate that neither manufactures controversy nor offends anyone.

3. Employ only certified historians as debaters. The David Frums, John Frasers, and Haroon Siddiquis of Canada, being merely "prominent polemical journalists," are simply not qualified to discuss historical issues. True, you might run into problems in the grey areas. Is Tom Flanagan — a political scientist, political operative, and sometimes polemical journalist — allowed to discuss Louis Riel? For that matter, would it be kosher to have Christopher Moore, sometimes a historian, occasionally a polemical journalist, engage in a debate on, say, a manufactured controversy about the location of the original latrines at Louisbourg?

4. Employ only certified historians who are below "retirement age," never mind that compulsory retirement is itself an historical artifact. We all know, don't we, that wisdom, judgment, and insight are the preserve only of the young. Take that, professor John English. Where are your "fresh perspectives" on Pierre Trudeau?

5. Most important, be prepared for critics who, despite confessing that the only debate in the "history wars" series they have attended was both stimulating and worthwhile (as well as sold out, like all the others), will nonetheless derisively comment on debates that have yet to be held or on debaters who have not performed. In passing, they will also sneer at your sponsoring institution, in our case the Royal Ontario Museum, for daring to venture into popularizing Canadian history, and they will not do the elementary homework to learn that the sponsor is delighted by the genuinely enthusiastic public response to the series and has renewed it for a second season.

6. Try to be charitable in responding to ill-tempered columnists. Assume that they got up on the wrong side of the bed the day they reviewed your efforts. No matter how compelling the evidence, don't give in to the temptation to dismiss them as churlish, close-minded elitists. Heaven forbid that we should have any of these in the vibrant, pure world of Canadian history.

Michael Bliss
J.L. Granatstein

## High praise

The February-March 2011 issue of *Canada's History* contains an article entitled "The Flying Housewife," about Dorothy Rungeling. I was at school with Audrey Stonehouse (now Audrey Anderson) who raced against Dorothy.

I sent Audrey an email telling her about the article, and she replied as follows: "Dorothy Rungeling was the lady I raced against two or three times. How great to hear that she reached her ninety-ninth birthday! I had my seventy-fifth [recently]. At the time of our races, I was very young and a newcomer to the 99s. She was a seasoned pilot who had considerable flying experience, and I was in awe of her."

John Gilbert
Ottawa

## Admirable artist

I read with interest and nostalgia Edra Bayefsky's account of her father, Aba Bayefsky ["Market Moments," April-May 2011].

Yes, I am one of many students that had the good fortune to be in Mr. Bayefsky's classes. As a teacher, I attended summer school sessions at the Ontario College of Art in preparation for an art specialist certification with the Ministry of Education in Ontario. He was a marvellous teacher — funny, candid, yet serious when necessary. We loved him!

Mr. Bayefsky introduced us to places we never would have considered, which had artistic value to be recorded. The docks, the factories, the markets! Kensington was his favourite haunt and the experiences there went far beyond art — sights, sounds, smells, and flavours to colour one's life, as well as the painter's palette.

What a pity his works have not been better acclaimed. Perhaps someone with clout will read Edra's story and do something about it. I hope so.

Nancy Sorensen
Burlington, Ontario

## Errata

*In 1945, the Canadian civil service had 110,000 members. The June-July Laugh Lines column incorrectly listed the number as 11,000.*

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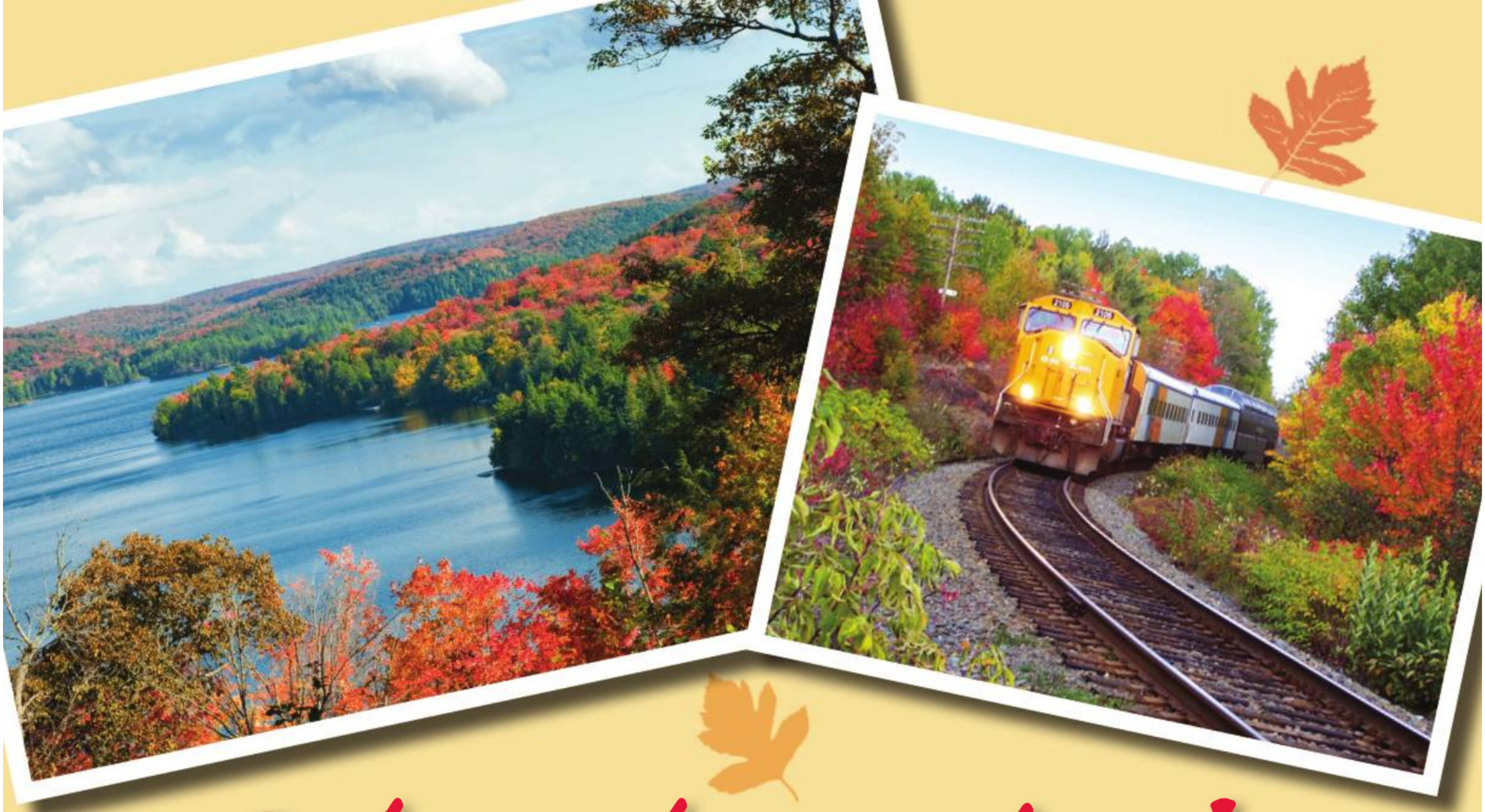
*Canada's History* welcomes reader's comments. Email us at editors@CanadasHistory.ca or write to *Canada's History*, Bryce Hall Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity and length.



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# Worth the fight

Little-known Canadian saved hundreds of lives.

Some people just won't give up. Jim Belknap has been working for two decades to secure recognition for an undisputed Canadian hero, even though his efforts have mostly met with defeat.

The man Belknap hopes to see honoured was just as tenacious. Lennoxville, Quebec, native William Bennett Best was working for the Eastern Minnesota Railroad when the Great Hinckley Fire broke out. The September 1, 1894, forest fire burned through more than eight hundred square kilometres — including Hinckley, Minnesota, and five other towns — and killed several hundred people.

The exact number who died remains unknown, but if not for the actions of Best it would surely have been higher.

Best was an engineer on a freight train sent to rescue the citizens of Hinckley. When the lead engine began to pull away, Best applied the brakes and held the train so that more people could get on. In the face of the raging forest fire, he nearly got into a fight with another engineer who wanted to leave as quickly as possible.

Best's obstinacy is credited with saving an additional five hundred people from certain death, and the daring train rescue made him a hero in the area. The town of Hinckley remembers him in its local museum and even named a street after him. Yet his feat has received little official recognition in Canada.

Best eventually moved to Winnipeg and became a leader in the labour movement. He was better known in Canada for his role as chairman of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers than for his courageous deed in Minnesota.

Enter Jim Belknap. Twenty years ago, Belknap came across two scrapbooks and a trunk full of newspaper clippings, railroad passes, photographs, and personal mementos about Best.

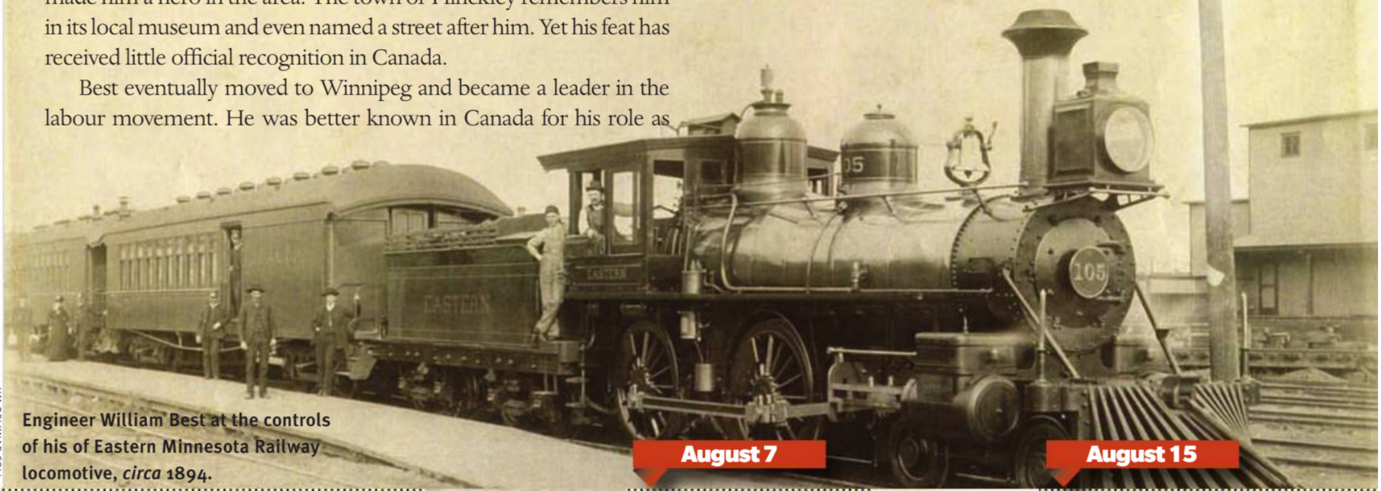
In 2000, Belknap applied to Canada's Historic Sites and Monuments Board to have a commemorative plaque erected, but was turned down. In its reply, the board cited its criteria for recognition: "A person may be designated of national historic significance if that person made an outstanding and lasting contribution to Canadian history, but it is not possible to establish such an association in this case."

"They could do it for Bethune," Belknap lamented, referring to the Canadian physician who is perhaps best known for his work during the Spanish Civil War and in China. "The only recognition so far for William Best in the community is a ten-by-twelve-inch plaque at the community centre in Lennoxville, Quebec."

Belknap helped to achieve that honour, but the seventy-eight-year-old Dixville, Quebec, resident is not about to give up his quest for Best to receive wider recognition. "I've come so far," he said. "The main thing is that Best is recognized for what he did in Hinckley."

**— Beverley Tallon**

**William Best,** ***circa* 1890s.**



JIM BELKNAP COLL.

**Engineer William Best at the controls of his of Eastern Minnesota Railway locomotive, *circa* 1894.**

## TAKE THE DAY OFF

**August 7**

To remember the day in 1640 when the Island of Montreal was purchased from the Compagnie des Cent-Associés to become the site of a new colony. Invest in real estate.

**August 15**

To observe the day in 1881 that a Manitoba proclamation deemed the province's jurisdiction would be extended to include Rat Portage — now Kenora, Ontario. This sparked the "Rat Portage War" between the two provinces. Learn to share.

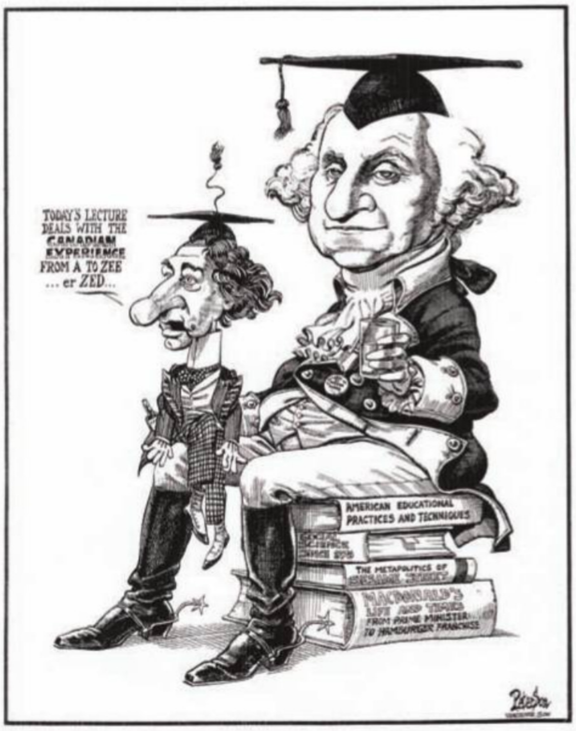
LAUGH LINES

## Classroom conundrum

Universities across Canada expanded rapidly in the 1960s in order to accommodate the large number of baby boomers intent on acquiring a university education. This meant that universities had to hire many new professors.

As Canadian universities had not produced enough graduates to handle the increased number of academic positions, a large number of foreign professors, especially Americans, were hired. Many American professors were ill-prepared to teach subjects such as political science, history, English, education, and sociology to Canadian students

Roy Peterson's cartoon shows a very small, puppet-like Sir John A. Macdonald sitting on the knee of U.S. founding President George Washington. It reflected the concerns of many Canadians about the Americanization of their culture. **— Charles Hou**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**This cartoon by Roy Peterson appeared in the April 3, 1976, edition of the *Vancouver Sun*.**

OUR HOME & NATIVE

## Crokinole

Crokinole Croquignole 3 in en 1
Crokinole, Chess and Checkers
Croquignole, Échecs et Dames
WOODEN FAMILY FUN GAME
JEU DE BOIS CLASSIQUE

It may have sister versions around the world, but the game of crokinole as we know it today was likely born in southwestern Ontario. The earliest known crokinole board was created in 1876 in Sebastopol, Ontario, by Eckhardt Wettlaufer as a birthday gift for his five-year-old son Adam.

Wettlaufer was well-known for his woodworking skills, including decorative work on sleighs and wagons. He also earned a patent for a cider press.

Other crokinole boards from this time period have been found in the same part of Ontario, though the game was patented in New York in 1880.

Crokinole is played on round or octagonal boards by two players or teams. Players flick disks across the board, attempting to knock off their opponent's disks and to place theirs as close as possible to the board's centre. The octagonal design was intended to prevent boards from rolling when propped against a wall for storage.

The word "crokinole" is derived from the French *croquignole*, which describes the action of flicking with a finger. Similar versions of the game, including British shovelboard and East Indian carrom, are considered precursors.

The World Crokinole Championship is held each year in Tavistock, Ontario, near Sebastopol. **— Sandy Klowak**

**August 23**

To my dear Valentine

To note the day in 1967 when the Anglican Church of Canada decided to allow divorced persons to remarry. Plan a second honeymoon.

**September 5**

To remember the day in 1755 when over 400 Acadian men were told at Grand Pré, Nova Scotia, that they and their families were to be deported after forfeiting their lands and possessions. Pack light.

**September 6**

To mark the day in 1893 when eventual Prime Minister William Lyon MacKenzie King made the first entry in the daily diary he kept until a few days before he died in 1950. Tell the whole truth.

HIDDEN HERITAGE

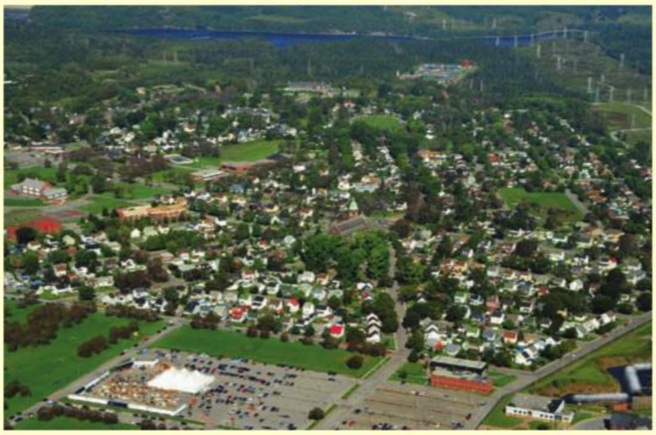
## Town of Arvida, Quebec

Designed by Harry B. Brainerd, Ernest I. Barott,
Frederic G. Todd and others, 1925

The remarkably well-preserved city of Arvida, Quebec, has a unique place in the history of town planning. Built from scratch in 1925 by the Aluminum Company of Canada, the town was designed to provide the company's workers with the best possible environment for personal and social fulfillment. Arvida is a Canadian manifestation of the eighteenth-century utopian dream to build successful communities through quality architecture and skilful town planning.

The first 270 houses in Arvida were completed in a mere 135 days. The model city realized a previously unattainable dream of providing workers with individualized bungalows in a varied townscape. "Not a single house was built that resembles its neighbour," said a contemporary. Over thirty different basic models were used, and houses were further varied through the use of differing wooden architectural components. Wagons criss-crossed the streets and busy building sites, unloading pre-cut materials on each lot as a new house was completed every five hours.

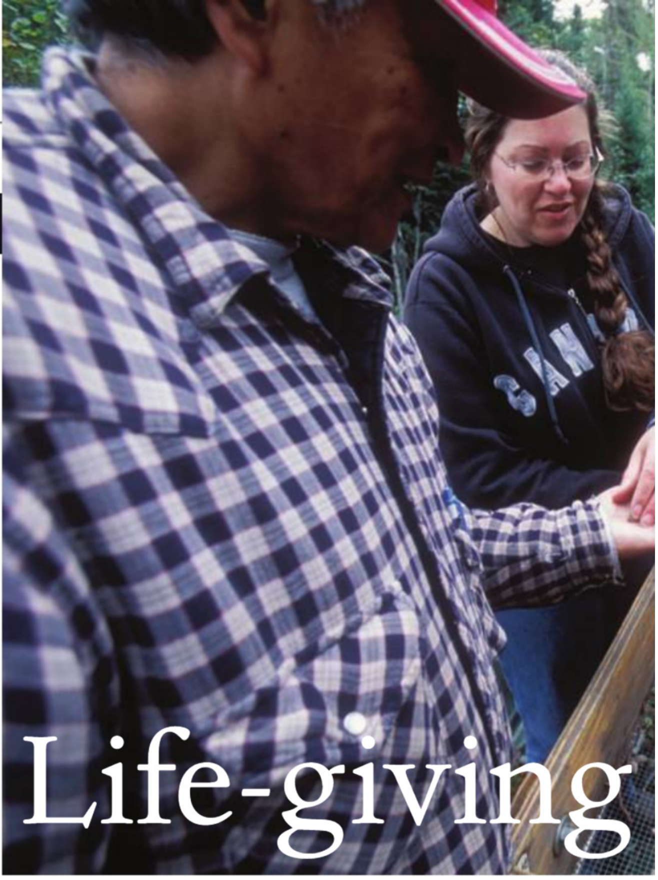
Designed by an army of architects, landscape architects, artists, planners, and engineers, Arvida was the brainchild of Arthur Vining Davis (thus the name Arvida), president of parent company the Aluminum Company of America. Its combination of high-quality architecture and impressive engineering quickly earned an international reputation. "For those who see company towns as modern forms of feudalism," declared Toronto's *Saturday Night* in 1949, "Arvida is a welcome relief."



PIERRE LAHOUD

In 2010, the city of Saguenay, Quebec — of which Arvida is now a part — underscored its commitment to protecting the unique architecture and urban landscape with a heritage recognition bylaw of unprecedented scope, encompassing 700 properties. Arvida was the site of the 2011 conference of the Society for the Study of Architecture in Canada. — **Lucie K. Morisset**

*Contributed by the Society for the Study of Architecture in Canada, a learned society devoted to the examination of Canada's built environment. See canada-architecture.org.*



## Life-giving

First Nations seek heritage designation for wilderness area.

A group of conservation scientists, politicians, academics, and journalists toured the boreal forest region east of Lake Winnipeg this spring as the Pimachiowin Aki Corporation stepped up efforts to have the area declared a UNESCO World Heritage Site.

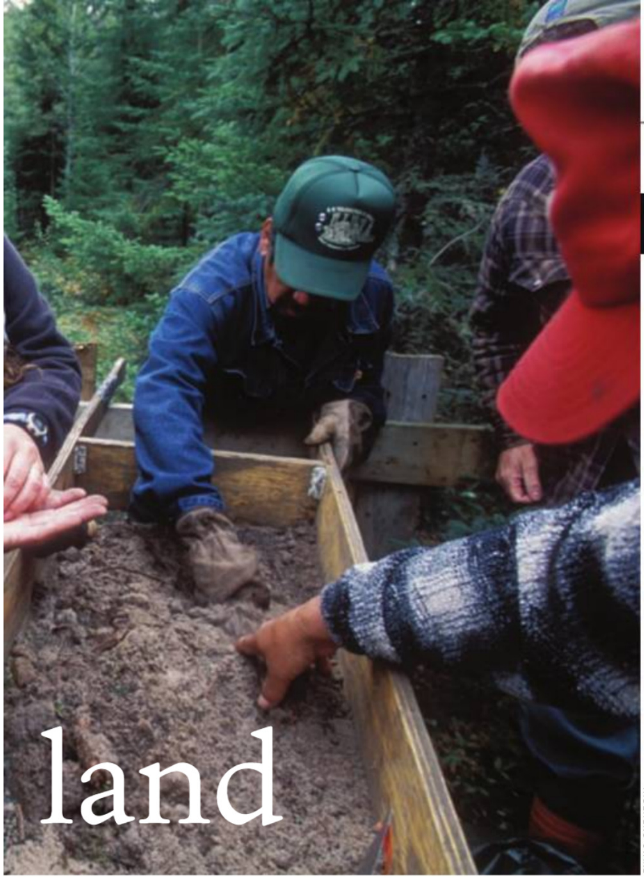
Ojibwe for "the land that gives life," Pimachiowin Aki is a partnership of two provinces and five First Nations — Bloodvein River, Little Grand Rapids, Pauingassi, Pikangikum, and Little Grand Rapids — that is working on a nomination bid regarding 43,000 square kilometres of land on both sides of the Manitoba-Ontario border.

The First Nations communities say the heritage designation is important for the preservation of the region's land and culture. The ecologically intact area includes two provincial parks but faces development pressures for resource extraction and hydroelectric transmission.

"We're very much concerned about the fate of the forest," said Faisal Moola, director of science for the David Suzuki Foundation. "The boreal forest is the most vulnerable ecosystem to climate change."

Pimachiowin Aki project manager Gord Jones says the nomination is driven by the desire to understand the "whole story" behind the sacred land Anishinabe people have been nurturing for the past six thousand years.

"The international recognition will help, resulting in greater potential to bring in greater resources that will help support cultural and natural values," Jones said.



# land

HIDEHERO OTAKE

Pimachiowin Aki expects that if the proposed terrain — an area about the size of Denmark — becomes a UNESCO heritage site, the benefits will include land preservation and an increase in tourism to the area.

But the prospect of too much tourism development has community member Martina Fisher worried.

"This forest … I just want people to leave it alone," she said. "Enough exploiting." Fisher explained her belief that aboriginal people are responsible for caring for mother earth.

Jones agrees that tourism could have negative impacts but says land use planning will help control them. He explains that each First Nation community will outline development zones and access zones, and in some cases they will set limits on the number of visitors allowed into an area at one time.

Jeff Provost of Eastside Aboriginal Sustainable Tourism Inc., a company that's been working closely with Pimachiowin Aki, says their focus is on non-consumptive tourism — a kind of tourism that doesn't extract resources from the area.

The First Nations-led initiative means a lot to Pimachiowin Aki community coordinator Sophia Rabliauskas.

"This is something very positive, and I think communities need to be proud about this initiative," Rabliauskas said. "The hope is to empower people to become sustainable, to be self-reliant, and that's always been our goal — to give that to the community and get them to work together."

Pimachiowin Aki is working on a draft nomination to be sent to Parks Canada this fall, before a formal bid to UNESCO in 2012. It will be at least another year before any decision is final.

— **Yvonne Raymond**

# Parkland splendour

Historic Glenbow Ranch set for unveiling.

The facade of Alberta's Legislature Building, the sport of polo at the turn of the last century, silk trains, and the entrepreneurial spirit in the province's early years all have connections to one place — the Glenbow Ranch. It's also the site of Alberta's newest provincial park, which is scheduled to open for the first time this summer.

The Glenbow Ranch Provincial Park was established in the Bow River Valley northwest of Calgary in 2006 after the Harvie family offered land to the province. It has been off-limits while facilities and access points are developed, but opens this year for restricted preview visits.

The park area has a long history. Several intact teepee rings on the lower river terraces are evidence of occupation by First Nations peoples.

In 1908, Chester Rhodes de la Vergne, a wealthy businessman from New York City, acquired land for a sandstone quarry near Canadian Pacific Railway tracks about five kilometres east of the present-day town of Cochrane. Stone from the quarry was used for the provincial legislature and other buildings in Edmonton, as well as for several buildings in Calgary.

De la Vergne was a gentleman entrepreneur who began the nearby town of Glenbow. He was an active member of the polo league in southern Alberta and imported horses especially for the game, but his local business ventures eventually failed and the town of Glenbow closed in 1927.

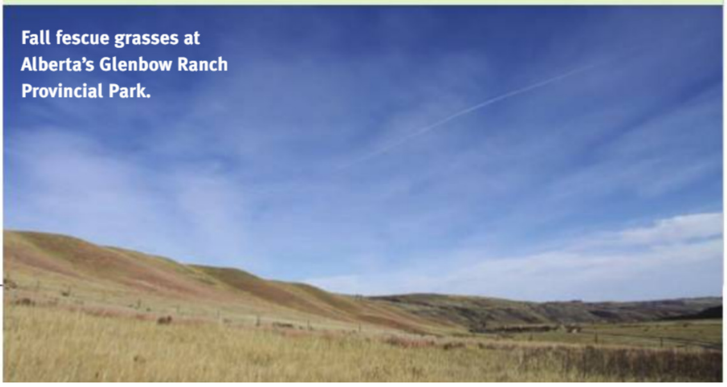
High-speed silk trains ran through the valley, including one that crashed on June 2, 1925, sending coach 2534 onto its side. Local residents still talk of people retrieving silk from the wreck, with much of the valuable load being found in the bushes — although this may be a slight embellishment.

The park owes its existence to the family of Eric L. Harvie, a prominent Alberta lawyer and oilman and the founder of the Glenbow Museum in Calgary. Harvie purchased the Glenbow Sheep and Horse Ranch in 1933 and had a personal mandate to return to the province as much as he had been given. His philanthropy was recognized in 1969 with his investiture as an Officer of the Order of Canada.

In 2006, the children of Harvie's son Neil provided more than three thousand acres to be used as a park. It will protect native foothills grassland, wildlife, and cultural historic features while providing recreational space.

The Archaeological Society of Alberta's Calgary chapter is working with Alberta Parks, the Friends of the Glenbow Ranch Provincial Park, the Glenbow Ranch Park Foundation, and many volunteers in an ongoing mapping and archival research project that aims to bring the area's rich history back to life.

— **Pete Truch**



**Fall fescue grasses at Alberta's Glenbow Ranch Provincial Park.**

PETE TRUCH

# Righting wrongs

Agnes Macphail's tenacity and wit served her well during a distinguished career in politics.

Agnes Macphail, the first woman elected to Parliament, was born in Grey County, Ontario, in 1890. She became a teacher, but found her calling in politics. Raised on a farm, Macphail was elected to represent her agricultural community in 1921. Throughout her career in both federal and provincial politics, she championed progressive issues such as workers' rights, prison reform, seniors' pensions, and gender equity. She's also the History Idol of writer and humourist Will Ferguson, who admires Macphail's progressive take on women's rights. Ferguson says Macphail sets the example of a fearless politician who had the courage of her convictions.

— *Sandy Klowak*

Agnes Macphail was the first female Member of Parliament. She was later elected to the Ontario legislature.

CANADIAN PRESS

**How did you come to admire Agnes Macphail?**

**Will Ferguson**: I first became aware of her when I was researching the early movemnts of feminism. I was never completely comfortable with the icons of the early suffragist movement — Emily Murphy or Nellie McClung — because there was this puritanical streak to them. It was when I started to read more of Agnes Macphail and her approach — which was very much that women deserved the vote, not because they're angels or because they're special, but because they're people and because equal rights are a right in and of themselves — that's how I first really got intrigued by Agnes Macphail.

**Macphail came from a rural farming background. How did that influence her as a politician?**

**Ferguson**: Farming communities are often very politically progressive — you see that in the formation of the NDP and the CCF. Agnes Macphail was elected as one of the United Farmers of Ontario in 1921, and her background really led her to the causes she is best known for. It's not a coincidence that she spearheaded prison reform, and that she fought for old age pensions, disability allowances, hospital insurance, student bursaries, and workers' rights. That can all be traced back to the progressive tradition within the farming culture in Canada.

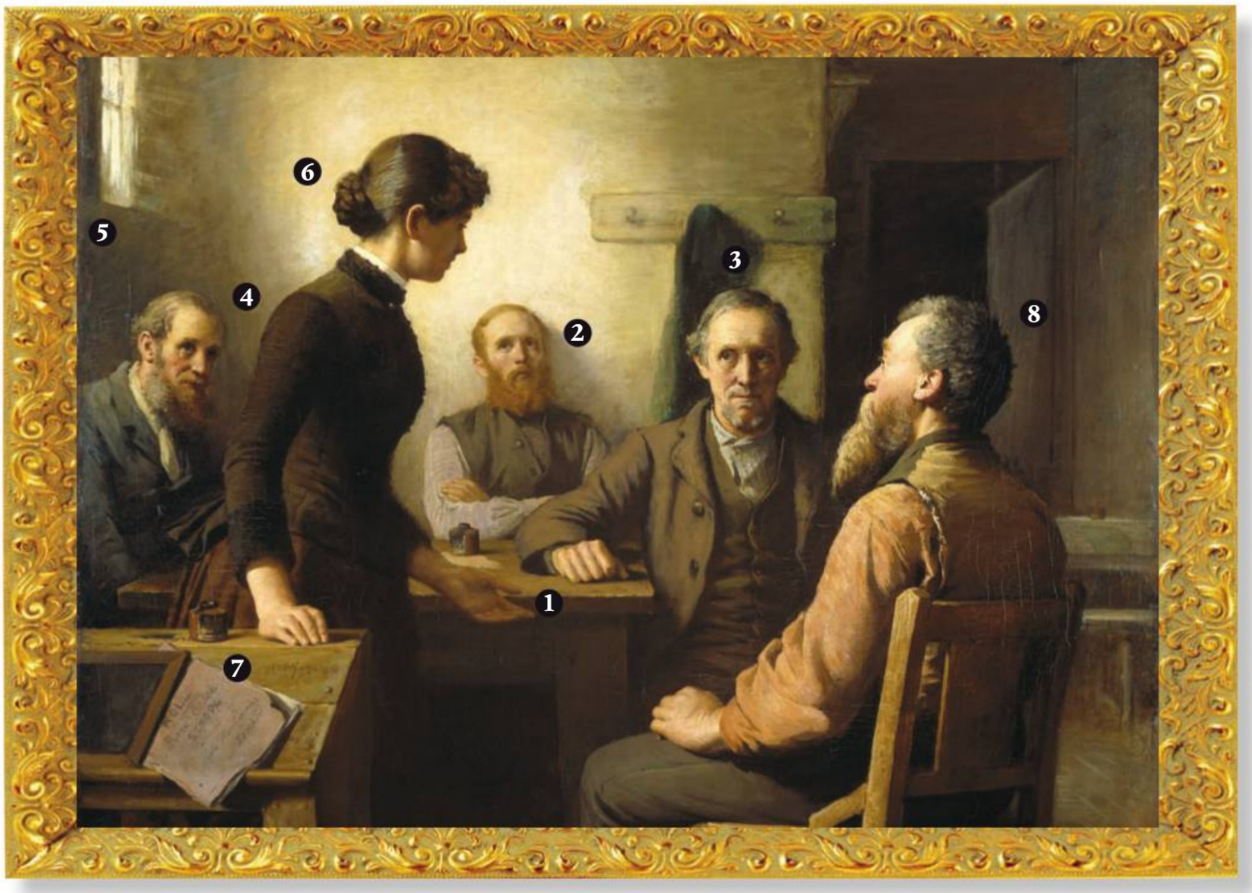
**What do you think were her greatest accomplishments?**

**Ferguson**: She had a great impact. Especially in prison reform, and in workers' rights and compensation, she had impacts right across the board. But what I really admired about her was that she took no guff from the men (in Parliament). She was very, very barbed in her humour. There's an apocryphal tale that is aligned to Agnes Macphail: A man in the House of Commons shouted, "Don't you wish you were a man?" She replied: "Sometimes, yes — do you?" That was the kind of quick exchange you would get from Agnes Macphail. Very funny and very quick-witted.

**What can today's politicians learn from Agnes Macphail?**

**Ferguson**: To be fearless. To not back down. To have the courage of your convictions and to stand by them. Although she spent a career in politics, she was not a career politician. She went into politics for what she could do, not what politics could do for her. There was an integrity in her that is sadly lacking in today's leaders. Politicians always start off with these great principles, but they soon sacrifice them on the altar of expedience, which Agnes Macphail never, never did.

Will Ferguson is a writer and humourist. His latest book is *Beyond Belfast: A 560 Mile Walk Across Northern Ireland on Sore Feet.*



# Confronting authority

The difficult life of a rural schoolteacher is depicted in this 1885 painting.

① *A Meeting of the School Trustees* by painter Robert Harris shows schoolteacher Kate Henderson as she lays down the law to the school board of Long Creek, Prince Edward Island. Her gesture implies authority and calm reasoning.

② The artist created this oil painting in 1885 after a visit with Henderson, when she told Harris and his wife of her confrontation with the school committee. Her placement in the picture commands both the trustees' and the viewer's attention.

③ The constant scrutiny by the community that schoolteachers such as Henderson endured is captured in the trustees' judgmental gazes.

④ Harris's wife Bessie served as his model in this painting, as well as in many of his works, portraying the role of women in Canada's development.

⑤ As the idea of mass schooling evolved, classes were often taught in dark, ill-equipped rooms with children of all ages and grades crowded together. Harris successfully illustrates the mood of the adverse conditions with sombre tones.

⑥ Henderson is represented in the painting as very prim and proper. The young schoolteachers were expected to adhere to strict Victorian values and to instill appropriate thought, behaviour, and religious morals in their students.

⑦ The crudely built desks equipped with ink bottles, chalk boards for the students' lessons, and the Pine Creek school roll — the school name was changed to avoid offending the painter's extended family in Long Creek — are representative of the items commonly found in rural schools.

⑧ The National Gallery of Canada purchased Harris's painting of the one-room schoolhouse in 1886. It was later immortalized on a 1980 Canadian stamp and dramatized as a Heritage Minute.

NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA

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AIR CANADA
SPORTS

# Passing the torch

**Team Canada celebrates after Mario Lemieux scores the game-winner in 1987.**

HOCKEY HALL OF FAME

Gretzky to Lemieux becomes the most famous passing play in hockey history. by Sarah Reilly

On September 15, 1987, all eyes in Canada were on Hamilton, Ontario. It was the final game of the Canada Cup championship series between Canada and the Soviet Union.

The six-team, round-robin tournament had resulted in a dream match-up between hockey's superpowers. Fans had witnessed some of the world's greatest hockey highlights. Now, the best-of-three final series was tied at one win apiece.

Team Canada was led by Wayne Gretzky, already a hockey legend at twenty-six, and rising star Mario Lemieux, who was twenty-one. By the 1987 series, Gretzky had claimed the title of highest scorer for six straight seasons, while his National Hockey League team, the Edmonton Oilers, was a three-time winner of the Stanley Cup. Lemieux had just entered the league but was already drawing attention for his impressive shot. Gretzky embraced playing with Lemieux and told his teammate, "I want you to be the shooter."

Before the Canada Cup, Lemieux generally was regarded as a strong player, bursting with potential, but lacking the motivation needed to excel. Many, including Lemieux himself, credit his experience with Gretzky on Team Canada as the turning point in his hockey career. They are regarded as the two greatest forwards ever to play the game, and Gretzky set up Lemieux for nine of his eleven goals during the tournament, including the final, winning shot of the series.

When the puck dropped to begin the championship's third and deciding game on September 15, the Soviets came out strong, controlling the style of the game and quickly gaining a 2–0 lead. By the end of the first period, the Soviets were ahead, 4–2. But it was a different Team Canada that came out of the locker room for the second period. Team Canada stole the momentum and within ten minutes scored twice to tie the game at four all. Canada scored again before the second period ended, but midway through the final frame the Soviets came back, tying the game at 5–5.

Time was winding down in the third period, and the score was still tied, when Lemieux rocketed the puck up the ice to Gretzky, who was ahead with teammate Larry Murphy. With Lemieux trailing, Team Canada had a three-on-one advantage racing up the ice. Gretzky faked to Murphy, who was in front of the net, and in a flash sent the puck back to Lemieux, who was charging toward the goalie. With only eighty-six seconds remaining, Lemieux fired a bullet at the opposing net. Soviet goaltender Sergei Mylnikov didn't have a chance. The arena erupted in cheers, and moments later Canada had won game three 6–5 and the series 2–1.

The final game of the 1987 Canada Cup is regarded as one of the greatest hockey matches of all time. Gretzky's pass to Lemieux, followed by the goal that won the series, stands as a moment that many will never forget. To fans, the pass was more than just an impressive assist. It represented the passing of the torch from the Great One to the next generation's rising star. As hockey legend Ray Ferrero commented, it was in that moment that Lemieux became Mario the Magnificent.

"Gretzky moved the puck to Lemieux, Lemieux put it in. That's when Mario Lemieux arrived."

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Canada's National History Society

GREAT MOMENT IN CANADIAN AVIATION
1930: J. Errol Boyd becomes first Canadian to fly across the Atlantic

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CANADA'S
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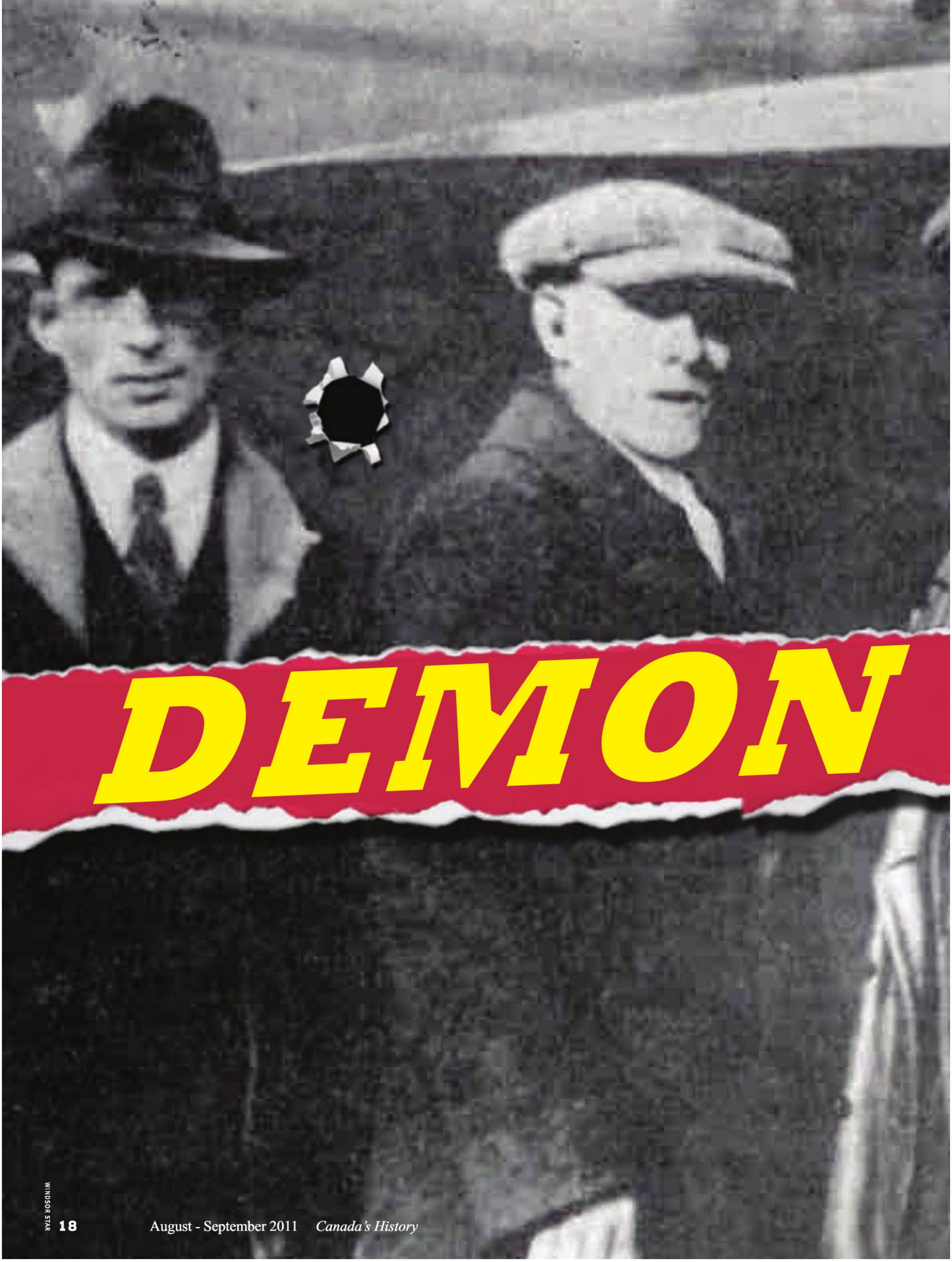
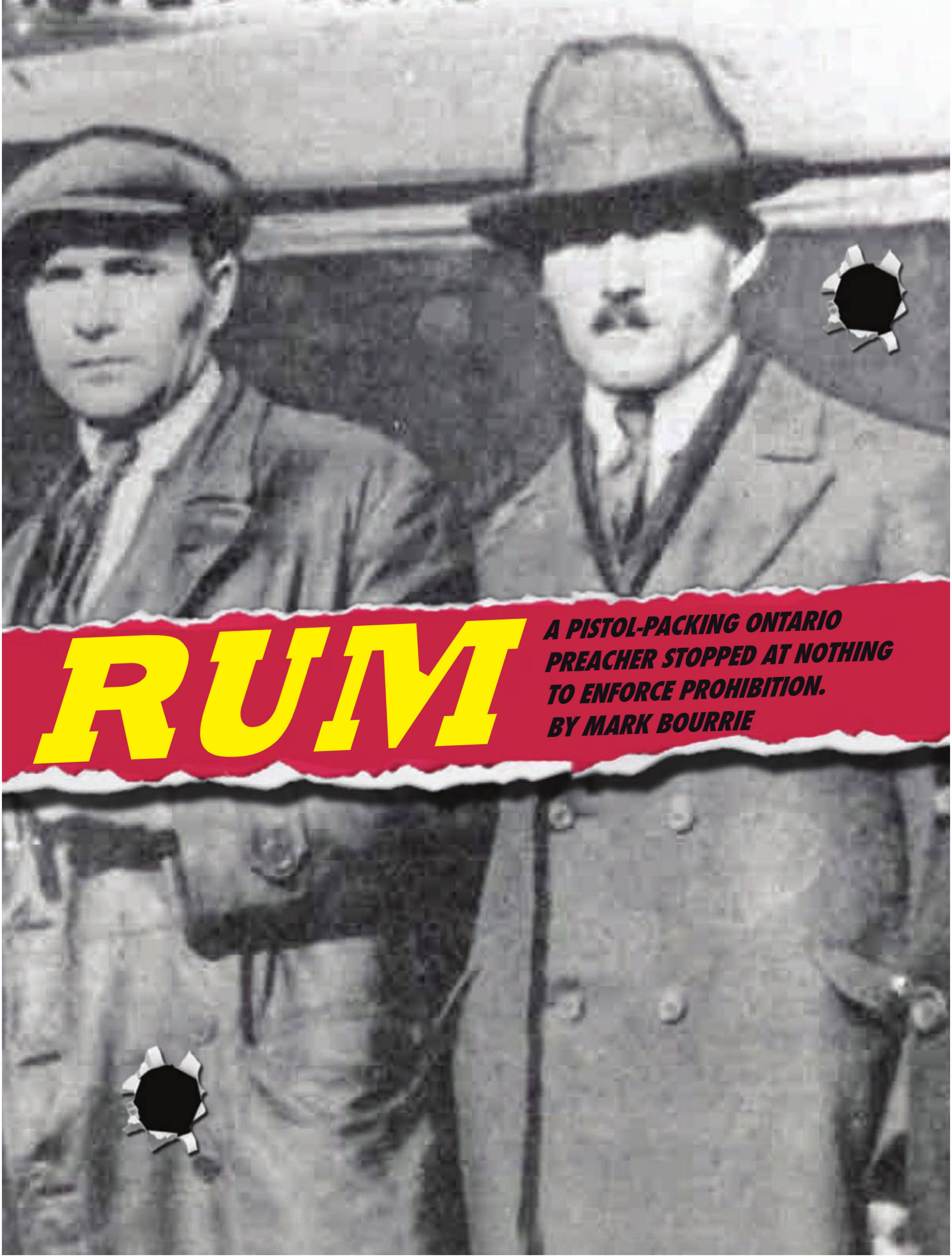


# DEMON

WINDSOR STAR



# RUM

A PISTOL-PACKING ONTARIO PREACHER STOPPED AT NOTHING TO ENFORCE PROHIBITION.

BY MARK BOURRIE

WINDSOR STAR

**Previous page:** The famed "flying squad," led by Reverend J.O.L. Spracklin (second from right), waged a government-sanctioned vigilante war against rum-runners in Windsor, Ontario. **Above:** Reverend Spracklin, "the fighting parson."

During Canada's prohibition years, the ban on liquor was carried out with a kind of zeal that can be compared to the war on drugs today — except that unlike now, the government, in Ontario at least, recruited amateurs like Reverend J.O.L. (Leslie) Spracklin to enforce its laws.

Spracklin was a Methodist minister in southwestern Ontario who became known as the "fighting parson." From 1919 to 1921 he was the pastor of the Sandwich Methodist Church. During his time there, he was authorized by the Ontario government to launch an all-out war on the cross-border rum-running trade. Armed with a pistol, furnished with a car and a speedboat, and backed by a small team of enforcers, Spracklin succeeded in shutting down illegal booze activity for a while.

But the dry spell didn't last. And when things came to a head in a fatal shooting, it became evident to most people that the heavy-handed effort to enforce prohibition wasn't working.

Early on the morning of November 6, 1920, inside the Chappell House saloon in Sandwich, bar owner Beverly "Babe" Trumble fell back into the arms of his friend Ed Smith with a bullet in his thigh. Blood from his punctured femoral artery gushed down the side of his tailored pant leg. The life of this stylish, well-to-do, thirty-year-old father of two, with a third child on the way, was over.

Watching over the scene with a smoking gun was Reverend Spracklin. The minister had known Trumble since childhood and could easily have attended to the spiritual needs of the dying man. Instead, he turned and ran, hiding himself in some bushes across the street. From there, he watched for hours as doctors and police came and went. Eventually, Spracklin gave himself up to police in nearby Windsor.

As he told a later inquiry, "I saw the officers and said: 'I have got into a little trouble, gentlemen.' They asked what it was and I replied that I had shot Trumble to protect myself. Then I gave myself up and turned over my gun and equipment."

The killing of Babe Trumble was a turning point because it served to highlight two bad policies of the Ontario government: liquor prohibition, which tried to solve the major social problems caused by alcoholism, and vigilante law enforcement, something the government turned to because police could not enforce a law that so many people despised.

Whisky Blan
P. H. THEORET
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By the time of the killing, Ontario had been dry for four years. The provincial Tories had engineered the Ontario Temperance Act, but it was the United Farmers of Ontario government, elected in the fall of 1919, that went after the bootleggers with real enthusiasm. Premier E.C. Drury and Attorney General William Raney were "uplifters" — people who tried to craft a better society by imposing a tough morality on individuals.

The movement began decades earlier among Protestant evangelicals and by World War I it had spread throughout society. Followers of Lord Baden-Powell wanted to get boys into the country to toughen their characters and their bodies. Feminists wanted solid, sober men to be decent husbands and fathers. Business leaders sought strong, sober men to be punctual workers.

But many people still wanted the option of having a drink. This sparked a culture war that pitted Protestant against Catholic, urban against rural, rich against poor, women against men.

**Above: Ontario Premier William Hearst pours a cask of beer into a Toronto sewer, circa 1916. A staunch prohibitionist, Hearst's Conservative government brought in the Ontario Temperance Act in 1916. He lost the 1919 election to E.C. Drury, who was also a prohibitionist.**

Leslie Spracklin's battle against booze began in 1907 when a drunken man accidentally shot his brother William in the head. Leslie, William, and a third brother, Arthur, had all been very close. Hoping to make sense of William's death, Leslie and Arthur quit their jobs as mechanics and went to Victoria College at the University of Toronto. They emerged as Methodist ministers determined to crush the liquor trade along the Detroit River frontier.

The Great War interrupted their campaign — both brothers served overseas. When they returned, Spracklin took up his post as pastor of the Sandwich Methodist Church, which happened to be just up the road from the notorious Chappell House.

Owned by Babe Trumble, the Chappell House was a busy place where young people partied to midnight and a rougher crowd came in later to drink and play cards. Members of the local police force, run by eighty-two-year-old Alois Masters, were among the regulars. And many of the liquor inspectors were on the take.

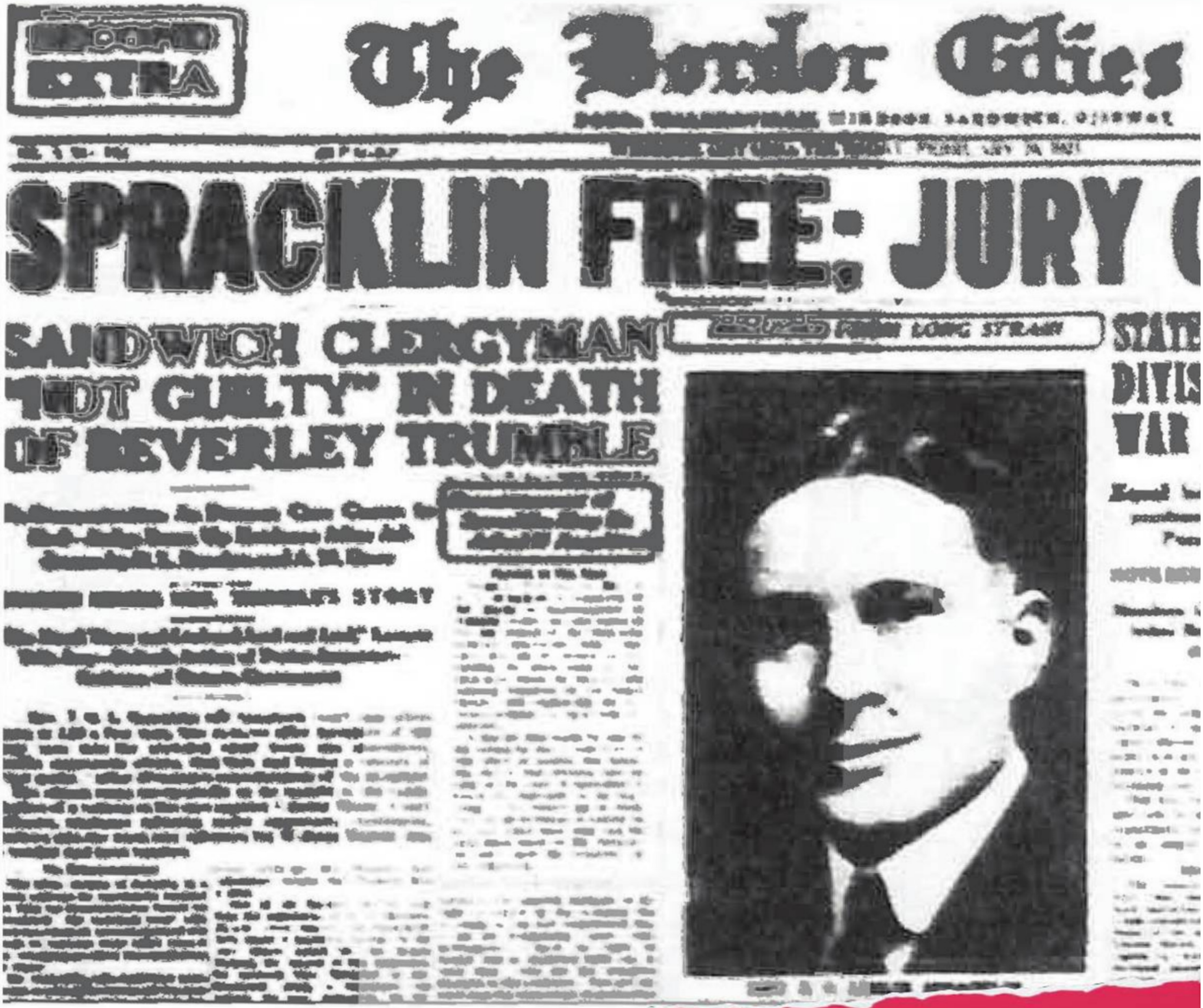
In one of his sermons, Spracklin described the scene: "It was only the ordinary thing for autos to rush past my door at all hours of the early morning full of hooting drunken men and women…. That place [Chappell House] is dumping out more disgraced and debauched womanhood and manhood over the town than all the churches in the county could care for."

First, Spracklin went after the cops. At a town council meeting in the early summer of 1920, he exposed their complicity with bootleggers. He described watching the elderly police chief sitting on the porch of the Chappell House as men and women staggered out. For a while, a drunken woman sat on the octogenarian chief's knee.

"I said, 'Hello, chief, some hellhole,'" Spracklin told council members. "He replied, 'Yes, it's pretty loud tonight, but there's nothing we can do.' I replied to the effect that it was a really funny thing if there was nothing he could do with seventy or eighty people leaving the house under the influence of liquor."

Later, Spracklin made headlines by accusing the police chief and Sandwich council's law enforcement committee of neglect of duty. His bold campaign caught the attention of "Holy Joe" Atkinson, owner of the *Toronto Star* — the real force behind prohibition in Ontario. Atkinson dispatched young reporter Roy Greenaway to the Detroit River frontier to expose the rum-runners and their enablers.

The *Star* dubbed Spracklin the "fighting parson." Within days, Attorney General Raney — who was



EXTRA

The Border Cities

SPRACKLIN FREE: JURY

SANDWICH CLERGYMAN "NOT GUILTY" IN DEATH OF BEVERLEY TRUMBLE

STATE

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WAR

TWO DAYS AFTER THE ATTACK ON HIS HOME, SPRACKLIN WAS CALLED
WHERE HE WAS WARNED BY ONE OF THE WINDSOR LIQUOR INSPECTORS
DOWN THE LEVEL OF VIOLENCE.

**The *Border Cities Star* of Windsor, Ontario, declares news of Spracklin's acquittal.**

Atkinson's friend — had appointed Spracklin a liquor enforcer, independent of the local agents.

"Keen, practical, square, energetic, an athlete every inch of him, blazingly indignant at the drunken scenes of lawlessness," the paper said of Spracklin. It predicted a "battle royal" between Spracklin and the bootleggers on the Canadian side of the river.

"I intend to fight to the end. I vow and declare that conditions will never be as bad as they have recently been, no matter what kind of personal campaign there is against me," Spracklin told Greenaway.

The reporter soon moved into a room in Spracklin's house and became a valued member of his team.

Spracklin's brother Arthur and several honest local police officers were put on the government payroll, along with William and Stanley Hallam, the sons of a Toronto liquor inspector. The latter were as shady as the men they were stalking and turned out to be more trouble than they were worth.

It was an unusual experiment in vigilantism. Liquor agents, trained in police work, normally hunted individual drinkers and small-time bootleggers. Rarely did they show their weapons. But the pistol-packing Spracklin was on a mission.

Star
CIRCULATION YESTERDAY
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POLITICAL

COURTESY MARK BOURRIE

BEFORE THE TEMPERANCE COMMITTEE OF THE ONTARIO LEGISLATURE, THAT SOMEONE WOULD SOON BE KILLED IF SPRACKLIN DID NOT BRING

The government provided the "flying squad" with a Paige touring car and a speedboat, the *Panther II*. Spracklin began his work on the evening of Friday, June 30, 1920, with gunpoint raids on six blind pigs (illegal bars) in the Windsor area.

For the next four months, it was a wild scene. The bootleggers had spies everywhere. Typically, Spracklin's agents did not know their target until just before a raid. Sometimes the raiders travelled on dark roads without headlights, running the risk of hitting smugglers who were also roaring around without lights.

Spracklin carried a sheaf of blank search warrants and a gun that he wore everywhere he went, even to church. Members of his flock were not exempt from investigation. On one occasion, while he was preaching a sermon his men were searching cars in the church parking lot.

Aboard the *Panther II*, the squad engaged in at least three gunfights on the Detroit River. They boarded any boats and yachts that caught their attention.

Within a few weeks, Greenaway quoted a Windsor taxi driver who said that thanks to Spracklin the Detroit River was free of smugglers and bootleggers: "There isn't anything doing at all. He's got them all in their rat holes."

Trumble, however, had not shut down his business. Instead, he fought back by gathering signatures on petitions against Spracklin. And he warned Spracklin's sister Evelyn that her brother "will be shot if he doesn't get off the job." Evelyn, a big, strong woman who was not easily shaken, went home and told her brother. This was just one of many death threats Spracklin received — most were made anonymously.

On Halloween night of 1920, someone fired shots at one of Spracklin's five-dollar-a-night freelance spotters. That same night, bullets whizzed by the *Panther II* as *Star* reporter Greenaway stood on the bridge. The shots came from a car on the riverbank. The same car reportedly went to Spracklin's house, where gunmen put several bullets through the living room window, missing the head of Spracklin's wife by a hair.

From there, events moved quickly. Spracklin fired the dodgy Hallam brothers — their strong-arm tactics were giving him a bad name. They would later go to jail for robbing and beating a bootlegger.

Meanwhile, the wheels were rapidly coming off the government's vigilante experiment. Petitions — some drafted by Trumble — circulated, demanding Spracklin's dismissal. The Toronto Telegram and other members of the "wet" press urged the government to stop the fighting parson's campaign.

Two days after the attack on his home, Spracklin was called before the Temperance Committee of the Ontario legislature, where he was warned by one of the Windsor liquor inspectors that someone would soon be killed if Spracklin did not bring down the level of violence.

But Spracklin was obdurate. His methods worked, he said. In four months he had shut down eighty percent of the Detroit River roadhouses.

Early on November 6, the *Panther II* came under fire from a smuggler's boat in American waters near aptly named Fighting Island. None of the shots hit the *Panther*

**Above: American police dump contraband booze into the Detroit River that runs between Detroit and Windsor, circa 1920. Below right: Spracklin, left, is led out of court following his acquittal.**

*II*, but the excitement wasn't over.

After Spracklin and the squad berthed the boat and headed home, they found an unconscious man lying on the sidewalk in front of the Chappell House.

By this time it was 3:30 a.m. As they approached the hotel to investigate, Trumble locked the front door. Spracklin and his men broke a front window and climbed in. They found Trumble in his private living quarters.

According to Spracklin's later testimony at an inquest, Trumble pulled a gun, shoved it against Spracklin's belly, and said, "I'm going to get you." Spracklin pulled his own gun and fired. Trumble collapsed, bleeding to death in twenty-five minutes. Spracklin ran and hid.

Although Spracklin didn't realize it then, Trumble's death effectively ended his days as the fighting parson.

At first it seemed like it would be business as usual. An inquest held immediately after the shooting found that Spracklin had acted in self-defence. But when he and his brother Arthur tried to return to their enforcement work, people protested. They wanted Spracklin tried in court.

Public pressure was so strong, especially from the Windsor area, that later that fall the government relented, charging Spracklin with manslaughter. Ontario Chief Justice Sir William Mulock went to Windsor to try the case.

When the trial was held in February 1921, interest on both sides of the border was intense — hundreds of people were turned away every day. Canadian and American reporters jammed the courtroom to hear Trumble's pregnant widow Lulu, who witnessed the shooting, testify that Trumble was unarmed when Spracklin shot him.

Bit by bit, the Crown's case fell apart. Trumble's friend Jack Bannon said he saw Babe pass his gun to Lulu as he fell. Spracklin's lawyer John Brackin made a convincing argument that Ed Smith had taken the pistol from the house and dropped it off the Windsor–Detroit ferry. As for Lulu Trumble's story, Brackin said she had "lied and lied and lied."

Brackin convinced the jury that Spracklin was no murderer; he was a "he-man" fighting for the community. The jury needed less than an hour to acquit the preacher.

WINDSOR STAR

The news reached Toronto while the legislature was sitting. Several government members pounded their desks lightly, but members of cabinet, including Premier Drury and Attorney General Raney, were silent. Perhaps they realized the Spracklin case would come back to haunt them — it would be seen as proof that their experiment in hiring zealous amateurs to enforce the law had failed.

Hecklers would call out the names "Spracklin" and "Hallam" at Raney's speeches until the government went down in defeat in 1923.

Spracklin was never able to revive the flying squad. The government had no more stomach for the fighting parson and quietly let his contract expire in the spring of 1921. At around the same time, the Ontario Court of Appeal made a ruling that further devastated Spracklin. An innocent yacht owner whose boat was recklessly boarded at gunpoint by Spracklin and his men filed a lawsuit and won five hundred dollars in damages.

In his ruling, Chief Justice Richard Martin Meredith pointed out that police work requires "much experience, tact, patience, and knowledge, or training" — in other words, it was no job for an amateur.

If the law is to be respected, Judge Meredith reasoned, "the enforcement of it must never be committed to such persons as the defendant."

Spracklin continued to preach at local churches and temperance meetings, but he eventually broke down, disappointed that his crusade was not getting support from the public or the government. His life hit a new low when he was accused of sexually harassing several women parishioners. Then he disappeared for most of a year, working quietly at a London, Ontario, auto factory.

Spracklin spent months fighting the harassment charges, which were finally thrown out by Methodist church investigators just over a year after Trumble's death. The following summer, Spracklin moved to southern Michigan, where he worked as a Methodist minister in small towns for the rest of his life. He never busted up a bar again, but he did make a few speeches for the Anti-Saloon League.

Spracklin's old church, Sandwich Methodist, survives to the present day and is now called Bedford United.

The Chappell House also survived until recently. Lulu Trumble held on to the hotel for twenty-nine years after Babe's death. After the Depression, it continued to function as a watering hole, becoming increasingly more seedy as the city grew around it.

It was a strip club when it burned down in 2006. A parking lot now sits at that location.

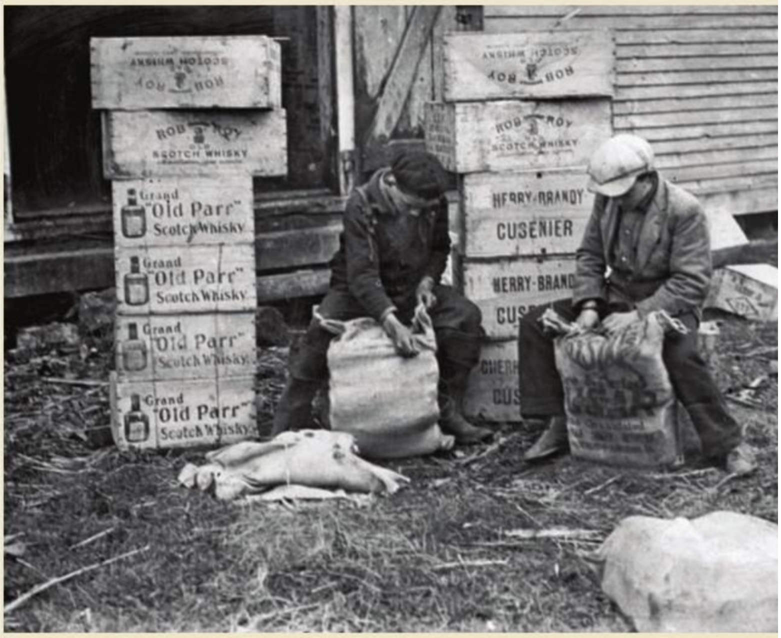
The old saloon outlived Spracklin, however. He died in 1960 at the age of seventy-three. Governments in North America were by then addicted to liquor tax revenues and would soon embark on a new war against illegal drugs, a struggle that continues to this day.

GETSTOCK

# Rum-runners

On January 16, 1920, the United States imposed a nationwide prohibition on the sale, manufacture, or transportation of alcohol. Canada's prohibition laws were more lax, setting the stage for a brisk cross-border trade in booze. These were some of the hotspots:

**Windsor, Ontario:** Located across the river from Detroit, this quiet city suddenly attracted big-time mobsters who smuggled Canadian-made booze across the border, often by water. Ontario's law at the time banned consumption in public or in hotels, but it did allow for the manufacture and export of alcohol.



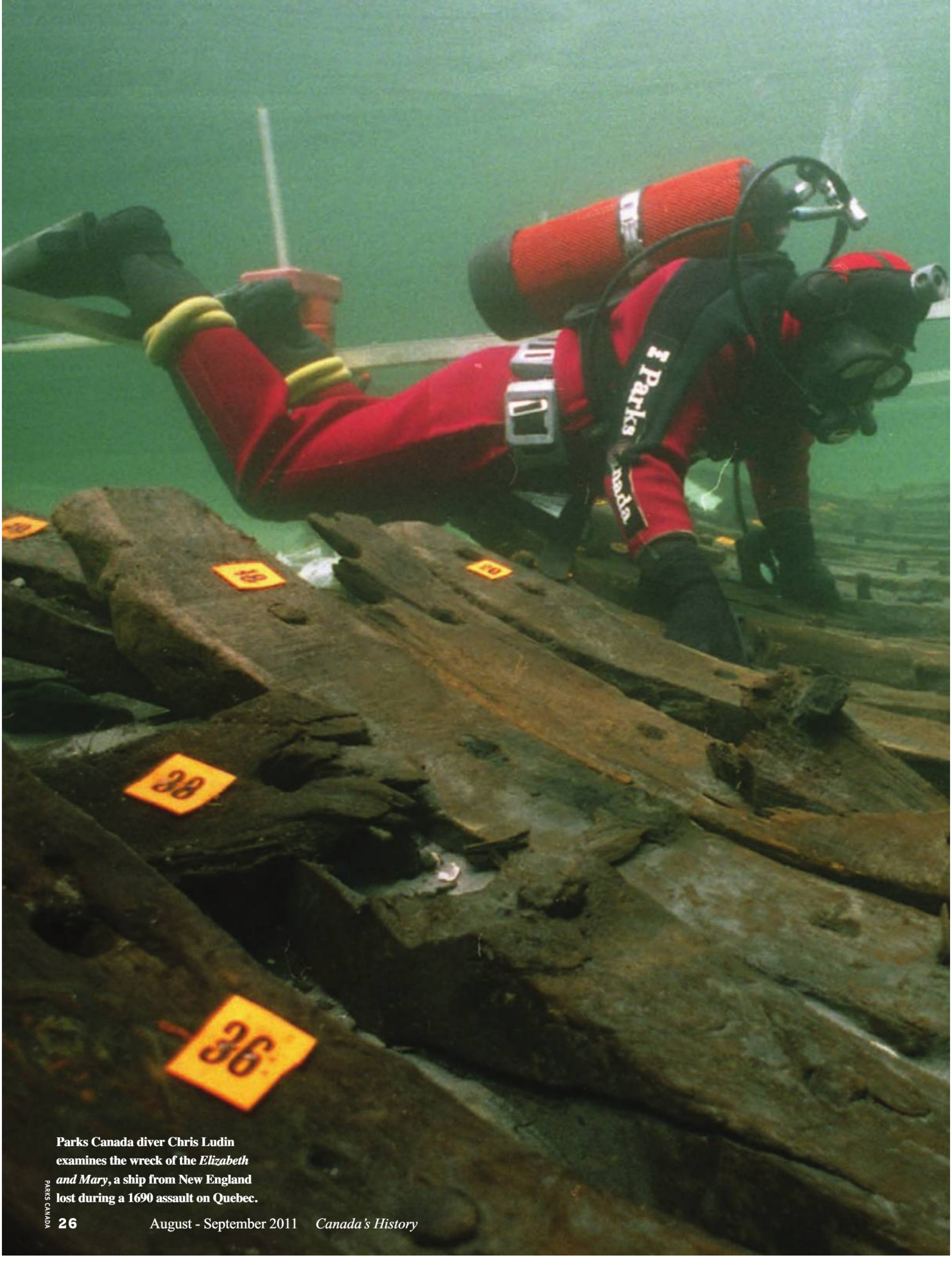
GETSTOCK

**Above: Bootleggers on the island of Miquelon package cases of alcohol destined for the United States during prohibition.**

**St. Pierre and Miquelon:** These French-held islands west of Newfoundland became a magnet for legally exported Canadian whisky, French champagne, British gin, and Jamaican rum that was picked up by American boats and shipped south. American rum-runners purchased about 300,000 cases per month from the islands.

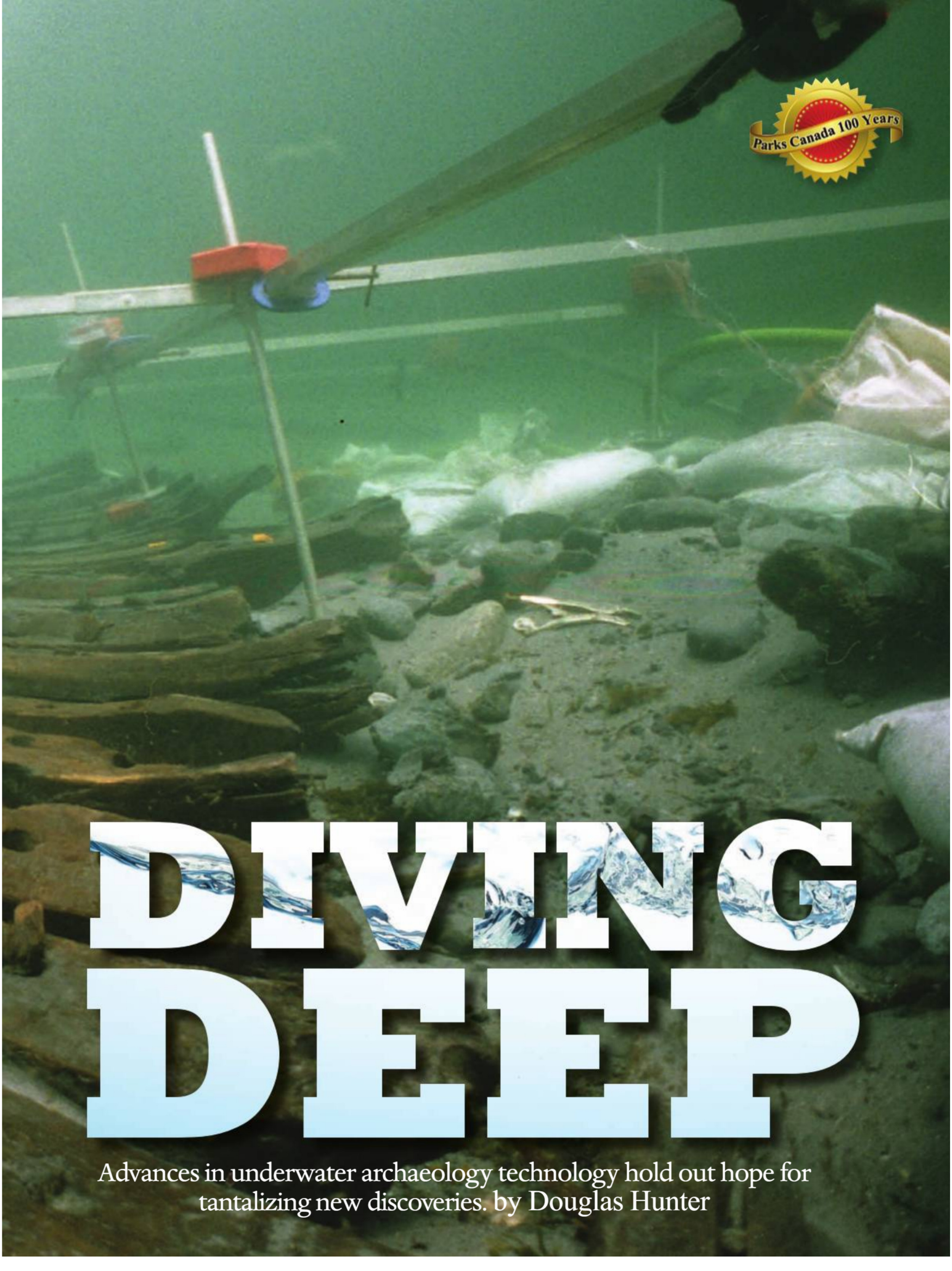
**Govenlock, Saskatchewan:** This small community near the Montana border boomed during American Prohibition as thirsty Montanans flocked to the town by train. Four liquor warehouses were built. Govenlock was the place to go for drinking, gambling, and wild parties. But the "good times" ended in 1922 when the province tightened up its liquor export laws. Today Govenlock is a ghost town.

**Nova Scotia:** The demand for boats specially designed for liquor smuggling created a boon for shipbuilders in Nova Scotia. It wasn't long before the province's south coast became known as Rum Row.



**Parks Canada diver Chris Ludin examines the wreck of the *Elizabeth and Mary*, a ship from New England lost during a 1690 assault on Quebec.**

PARKS CANADA


Parks Canada 100 Years

# DIVING DEEP

Advances in underwater archaeology technology hold out hope for tantalizing new discoveries. by Douglas Hunter

A Parks Canada diver examines graffiti found on the sunken remains of a Basque ship believed to be the *San Juan*, that disappeared in Red Bay, Labrador in 1565.

Once Parks Canada decided to find the wreck of *HMS Investigator*, the search didn't take very long. Robert McClure's ship was abandoned in 1853 while looking for survivors of the missing Northwest Passage expedition of Sir John Franklin. Parks Canada's Underwater Archaeology Service knew where to look. Using a side-scan sonar, the team — led by Ryan Harris with Jonathan Moore and Thierry Boyer — found the fairly pristine hull at Mercy Bay in Aulavik National Park, Northwest Territories, in July 2010.

A month later, having generated international headlines with the *Investigator* find, Harris and Moore were aboard a Canadian Coast Guard icebreaker in the central Arctic, hoping to locate Franklin's *Erebus* and *Terror*, the twin holy grails of Arctic exploration.

"People have been searching for the *Erebus* and the *Terror* for over 150 years," observes Ken McGoogan, the bestselling author of *Lady Franklin's Revenge* and other acclaimed works on Arctic exploration. "They won't quit because to find even one of those ships intact would be the greatest discovery in Arctic exploration history, and arguably the greatest-ever such discovery, period. The reason is that historians continue to argue about what happened to Franklin. Finding those ships would almost certainly answer some crucial questions."

But such a discovery was not to be in 2010. After scouring 150 square kilometres of seabed with side-scan sonars, the team was unable to duplicate the remarkable success of the *Investigator* find. They hope to return to the Arctic for another try. In the meantime, the public has been made amply aware that marine archaeology is very much a part of Parks Canada's mandate.

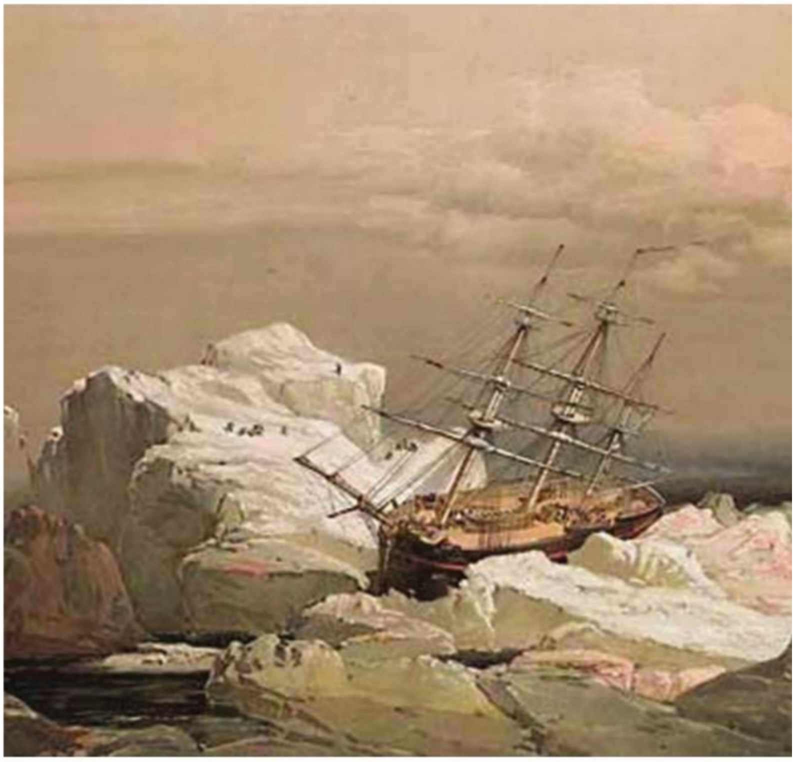
Parks Canada is a leader in marine archaeology, both nationally and internationally. Its Underwater Archaeology Service has been in existence since 1964. The full-time staff of eight divers includes six archaeologists, one dive technologist, and one technician. They form a flying squad of highly specialized public servants who are kept busy on every coast of the country and in more than a few lakes, rivers, and canals. They discover, document, and preserve an array of historical artifacts and resources.

Marine archaeology evokes shipwrecks, and Canada certainly does not lack for them. But the work of Parks Canada's UAS in recent years has been much broader than searching for ship timbers and lost Victorian explorers of the Arctic. Its work, ranging from prehistory to the Second World War, is as varied and unusual as any archaeology on dry land. As well, the service's duties include developing management plans for the protection, preservation, and recreational use of underwater archaeological resources. Striking a balance between protecting heritage resources and accommodating public interest is one of the agency's more pressing issues.

PARKS CANADA

The Parks Canada system includes Fathom Five National Marine Park in Georgian Bay, Ontario, home to a variety of nineteenth- and twentieth-century wrecks that are popular with sport divers. But its best-known marine heritage project is Red Bay National Historic Site in Labrador, home to a sixteenth-century Basque whaling station. The discovery in 1978 of the remains of a Basque ship, believed to be the *San Juan*, dated to 1565 and the oldest known historic shipwreck in Canada, led to excavations from 1978 to 1985. This work uncovered a total of three whaling galleons and four smaller craft. Further discoveries were made more recently.

**HMS *Investigator* off Bering Island, 1851, by Samuel Gurney-Creswell.**

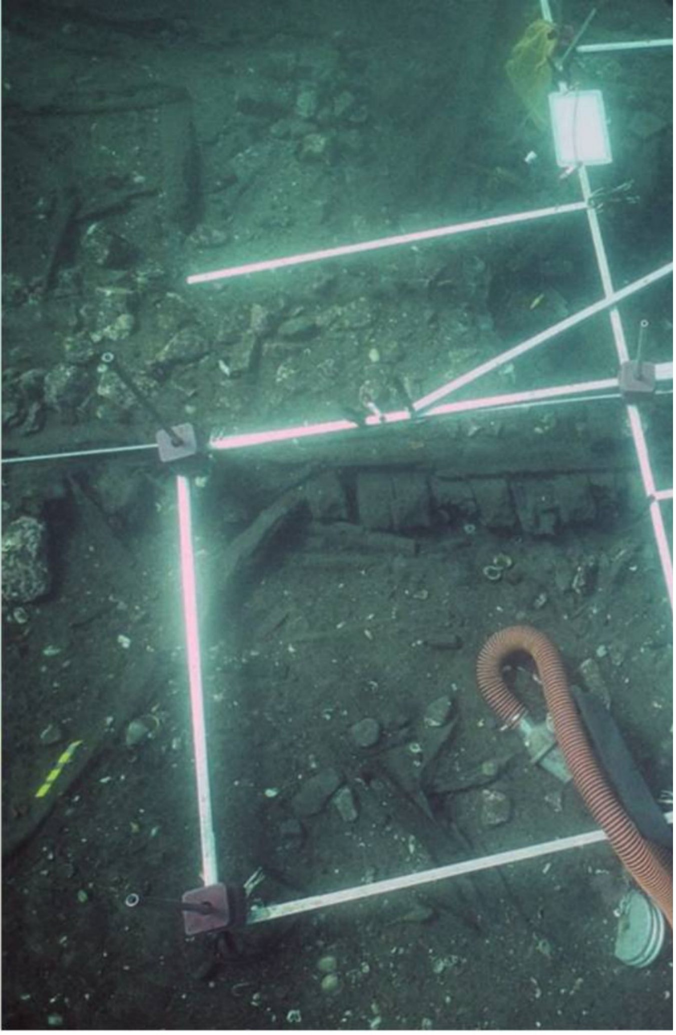


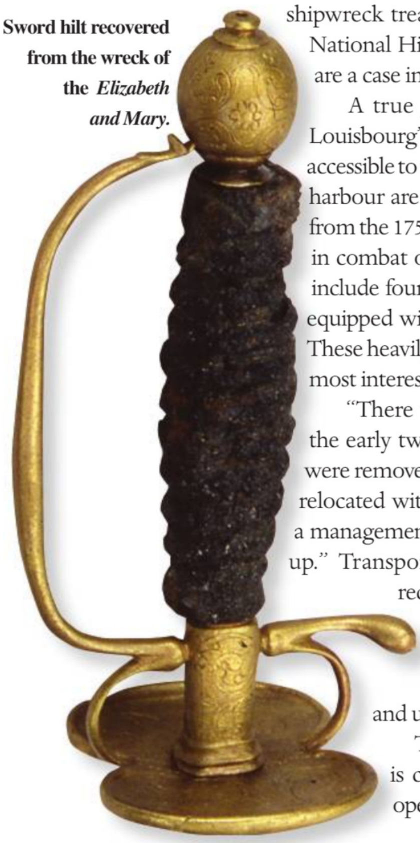
**Below**
**An artifact from the wreck of the *Elizabeth and Mary*, a barque lost in the Gulf of St. Lawrence during a failed 1690 assault on Quebec.**

"It's one of the landmark excavations in the world; few of them ever represent a generation of work," says Marc-André Bernier, who heads the Underwater Archaeology Service. In 2004, a fourth Basque galleon was discovered at Red Bay.

"We've now identified the remains of nine different vessels," says Bernier. Red Bay remains the largest marine archaeology project ever undertaken in Canada. Five volumes totalling 1,600 pages were required for the 2007 report on its findings.

Many national parks, historic sites, and marine conservation areas contain artifacts of marine history that are not well-known to the general public. The submerged





**Sword hilt recovered from the wreck of the *Elizabeth and Mary.***

shipwreck treasures of Fortress of Louisbourg National Historic Site on Cape Breton Island are a case in point.

A true jewel in Parks Canada's crown, Louisbourg's marine archaeology is not readily accessible to the average visitor. Immersed in the harbour are the wrecks of nine French vessels from the 1758 British siege. Each was either lost in combat or scuttled by the defenders. They include four substantial ships of the line, each equipped with sixty-four or seventy-four guns. These heavily armed vessels have generated the most interest.

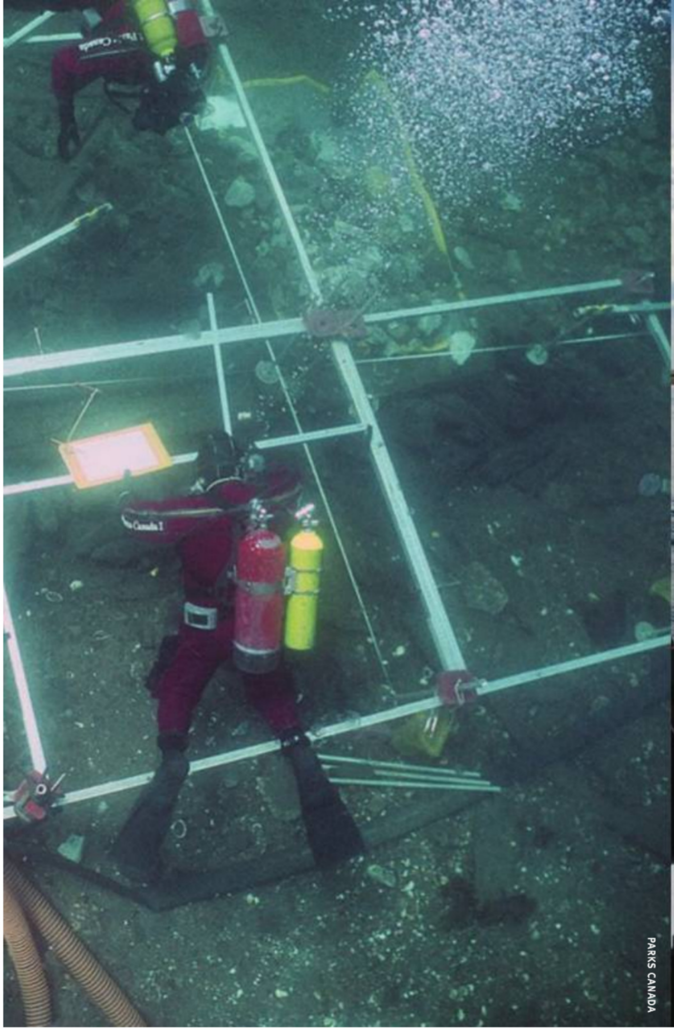
"There was some commercial salvage in the early twentieth century, when some guns were removed," says Moore. "The wrecks were relocated with the advent of scuba diving, and a management framework for them was drawn up." Transport Canada closed the wrecks to recreational diving in the early 1960s over concerns about vandalism. As a result, artifacts that might otherwise have been raised — and ultimately lost — stayed in place.

Today, says Moore, "diving access is controlled but encouraged." Tour operators can secure a permit to take recreational divers to one of the wrecks, the sixty-four-gun *Célèbre*, which exploded and sank near the fortress during the British bombardment. Most of the wrecks have now been mapped, with their distribution of artifacts recorded. A monitoring program involving Parks Canada, Transport Canada, and a local tour dive operator keeps tabs on the wrecks, with a full inspection conducted every four to five years.

The Gulf of St. Lawrence is a showcase of diverse Parks Canada marine archaeology projects. A major storm in 1994 exposed the remains of a seventeenth-century barque in shallow water along the shore at L'Anse aux Bouleaux, near Baie Trinité, Quebec, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence. The *Elizabeth and Mary* was one of four ships lost by Sir William Phips during his ill-fated 1690 assault on Quebec.

Excavated in 1996–97, the *Elizabeth and Mary* site has proved to be a time capsule of the late seventeenth century, with more than six thousand artifacts recovered. "We have complete shoes, silk ribbons … amazing stuff," says Bernier. The ship was transporting militia from the New England village of Dorchester. Thanks to archival research, says Bernier, "We know exactly who was on board." Some of the artifacts are now on display at an interpretive centre at Baie Trinité.

Some two hundred and forty kilometres to the east, at Mingan Archipelago National Park Reserve, Quebec, Parks Canada's marine archaeologists have been dealing with an


PARKS CANADA

Parks Canada 100 Years
PARKS CANADA

**Above left:** A Parks Canada diver carefully excavates the wreck of the *San Juan* at Red Bay, Labrador. The 1565 ship is the oldest wreck discovered in Canada.

**Above centre:** Divers use an excavation grid to uncover a sixteenth-century wreck in Red Bay.

**Above right:** Parks Canada archaeologist Thierry Boyer helms a survey boat at the wreck of *HMS Investigator* at Mercy Bay, N.W.T.

Immersed in Louisbourg's harbour are the wrecks of nine French vessels from the 1758 seige.

entirely different sort of wreck: a U.S. Army Air Forces plane from World War II. The Consolidated PBY 5A (Catalina) was an amphibious plane based at Presque Ile, Maine, that crashed on takeoff in rough waters in November 1942. Only four of nine crew members escaped.

Parks Canada found the wreck in 2009 while in the midst of a three-year survey for shipwrecks in the frigid waters that surround the park. The plane wreck has been surveyed, and while no human remains were found in the initial investigation, an excavation might take place in 2012 in co-operation with the U.S. government.

Across the Gulf of St. Lawrence at Restigouche, Quebec, at the head of Baie de Chaleur, is the Battle of the Restigouche National Historic Site. The "underwater battlefield" from 1760 contains three known French wrecks, including *Le Machault*, whose excavation was one of the largest projects ever undertaken by Parks Canada. In 2010, Parks Canada archaeologists made a new discovery there. While assessing the state of three known French wrecks and scouring the river bottom with side-scan sonar for further battle evidence, the team discovered another wreck that could be one of several French or Acadian vessels sunk to prevent British warships from entering the river.

In Ontario, team members have participated in a survey of wrecks related to the War of 1812 off Kingston's Fort Henry. The Rideau Canal, completed in 1832, links Kingston with Ottawa and is now a National Historic Site. In 1998, Parks Canada's underwater archaeologists embarked on a five-year survey of the canal system's hidden resources. The finds have included not only historic vessels such as steamboats, but also a variety of structures — such as wharves, dams, mills, and mines — that were submerged after the construction of the canal system. In addition to ensuring the preservation of these finds, Parks Canada plans to produce an information booklet and to install interpretive panels at lock stations.

At the western end of Lake Ontario are two of the most famous shipwrecks in the world: the War of 1812-era U.S. warships *Hamilton* and *Scourge*, which went to the bottom during a violent squall in 1813. The wrecks were discovered in 1973, lying upright and remarkably intact in about ninety metres of water. They have been the focus of both welcome and unwelcome attention ever since. The U.S.

PARKS CANADA

**Above:** Parks Canada underwater archaeology team members Jonathan Moore, Ryan Harris, and Thierry Boyer during the 2010 *HMS Investigator* project.

**Above right:** A nineteenth-century painting of the *Erebus* and *Terror* during a 1839–43 expedition to chart the Antarctic coastline. The ships were later lost during Sir John Franklin's ill-fated search for the Northwest Passage.

The discovery of the *Erebus* and *Terror* would provide a mandate to rewrite exploration history.

Navy transferred title to the City of Hamilton in 1980, but Parks Canada maintains an interest in the site.

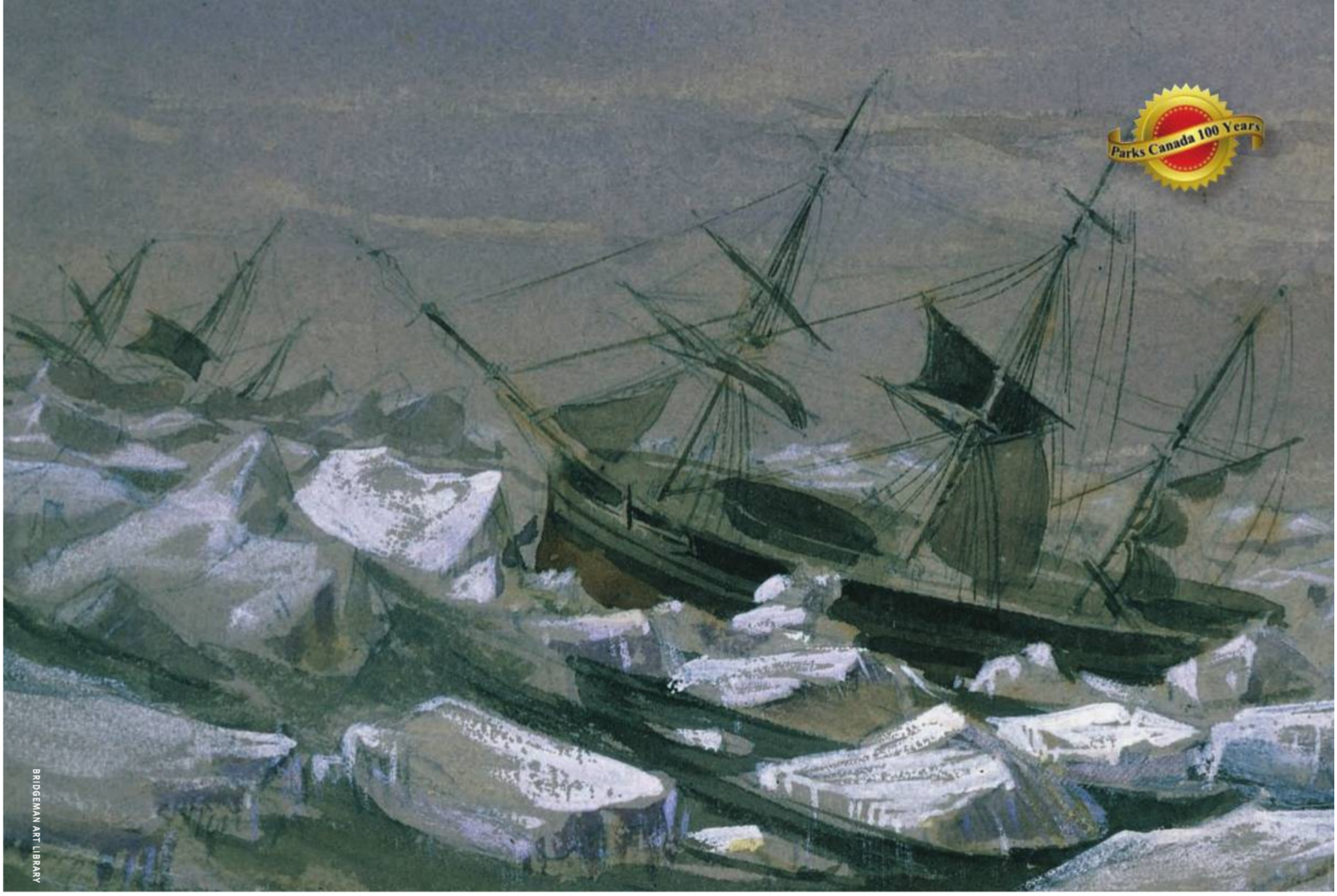
"We've had a role in the project from the early days," Moore explains. "Shortly after the discovery of the vessels, we became involved in an advisory role." In 2007, Moore began serving as principle investigator for Parks Canada in a three-year survey of the wreck site.

The recent project was initiated by the City of Hamilton, which approached ASI Group, an underwater inspection services firm headquartered in St. Catharines, Ontario, to conduct a condition survey. The project drew in a number of major partners, including the province of Ontario, the Canadian Coast Guard, the Canadian Navy, Canadian Hydrographic Service, and the National Water Research Institute, with Parks Canada providing overall direction of the archaeology under Moore.

There were two main concerns: deterioration of the wrecks, particularly due to heavy colonization of zebra and quagga mussels, and the vulnerability of the wrecks and their artifacts to unauthorized technical divers — sport divers who use specialized equipment and gas mixes to delve deeper than the normal recreational scuba diving limit of forty metres. Unapproved technical divers did in fact reach the wrecks between 2000 and 2002. Paradoxically, it was these very divers who alerted authorities to the presence of the mussels and the threat these invasive species posed to the integrity of the *Hamilton* and *Scourge*.

A 2008–2009 survey done with remotely operated vehicles (ROVs) revealed a shockingly high level of mussel colonization of the wrecks compared with when they were first thoroughly photographed in 1980 and 1982. For the first time, an ROV was "flown" inside one of the ships, the *Hamilton*. Technicians created three-dimensional portraits of the vessels using sonar data, providing the first comprehensive picture of their dimensions and design. "In three years, we carried out a great deal of surveying, recording, inspection, and environmental assessment," Moore said. "It was a very productive partnership."

In the Rocky Mountains, Banff National Park in Alberta is home to one of the more unusual attractions in the parks system: the drowned village of Lake Minnewanka. The resort town had scarcely



BRIDGEMAN ART LIBRARY

been founded in 1888 when a series of local dam projects, beginning in 1895 and culminating in 1941, doomed it. The final dam raised the lake level by thirty metres, flooding the old townsite. Lake Minnewanka boasts fifteen architectural and structural features that attract recreational divers, and Parks Canada continues to strive to strike a balance between preserving irreplaceable and sometimes fragile heritage assets and accommodating public recreational interest.

On the West Coast, Parks Canada has been active in two very different undertakings: conducting an inventory of shipwrecks off Pacific Rim National Park and supporting research into submerged prehistoric resources at Gwaii Haanas National Park Reserve and Haida Heritage Site.

Some underwater features stretch back very far in time. At Ontario's Trent-Severn Waterway National Historic Site at Atherley Narrows, between Lakes Couchiching and Simcoe at the city of Orillia, is an Aboriginal fish fence (used for catching fish) dating back five thousand years. Under constant threat from development as well as boat traffic, some of the stakes in the Mnjikaning fish weir have been removed for preservation. The remaining weir stakes are periodically monitored by Parks Canada.

Submerged wooden stakes in a busy recreational waterway may not seem as glamorous as the lost ships of a doomed Arctic explorer, but heritage resources like the Mnjikaning fish weir are as important as they are vulnerable. "There are a lot of sites that are less sensational than the high-profile shipwreck sites," says Moore. "The weirs at the narrows fall into a category of site that is extremely important to a local constituency, the Rama First Nation, and others. There may not be a lot to see, but it is very important for us to protect and keep an eye on it. And sites like it tell us a lot about the past. Learning about the past, and presenting it to the public, are core mandates for us."

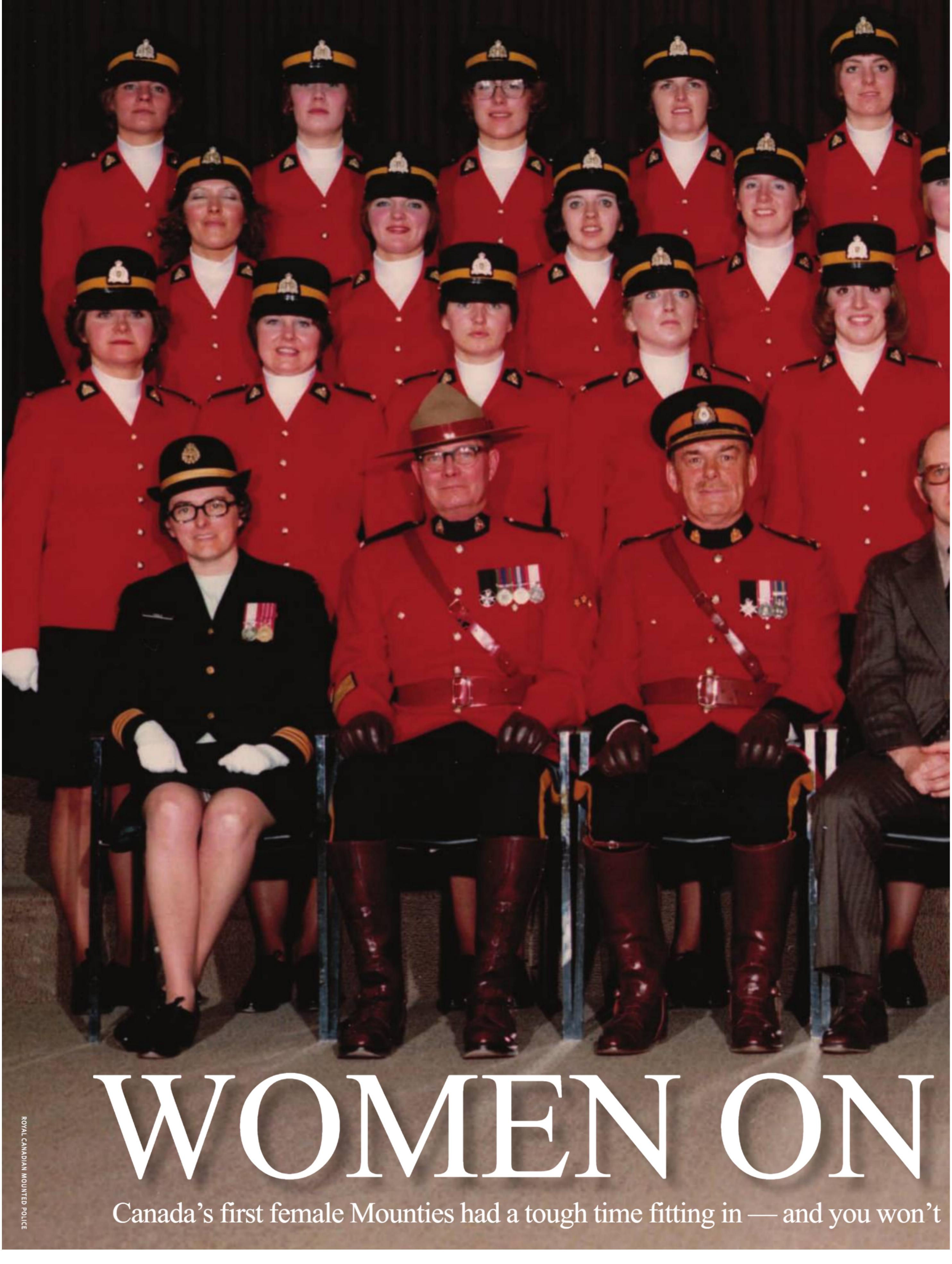
Nevertheless, the Arctic discoveries and searches continue to garner the greatest public interest and accolades. "We're planning to go back to *Investigator*, and to dive and survey the shipwreck," confirmed Bernier this spring.

As for the *Erebus* and *Terror,* they are still out there, and now we at least know of 150 square kilometres of ocean where they definitely are not hiding. "Their discovery would provide a mandate to rewrite exploration history," says author Ken McGoogan. "The ensuing avalanche of books would make the mountain around the *Titanic* look puny."

So, will there be another search for Franklin's lost ships? Bernier allows: "Possibly." We'll see.

**Visit CanadasHistory.ca for updates on Parks Canada's Arctic expeditions.**

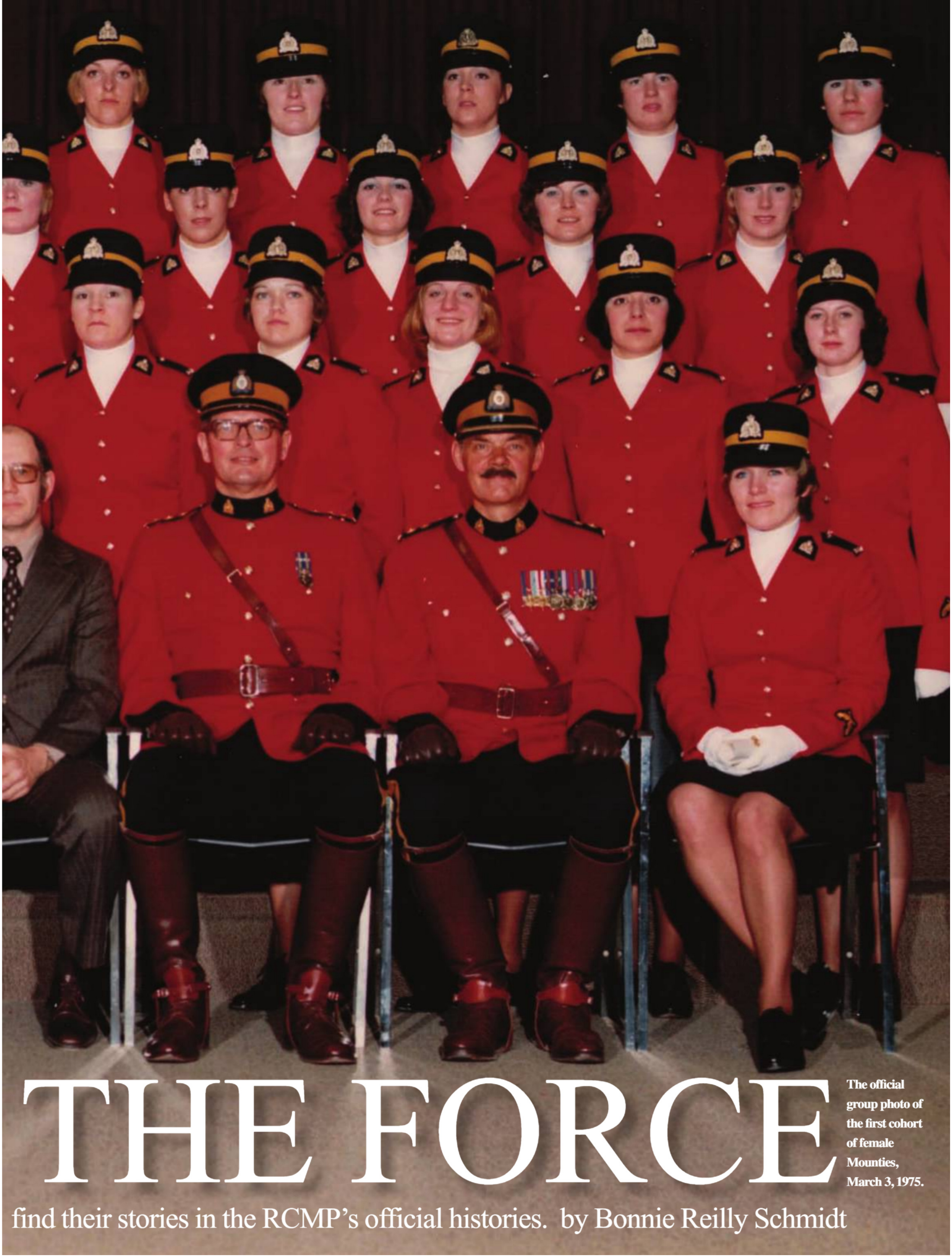
**Pistol recovered from the wreck of the *Elizabeth and Mary*.**



ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE

# WOMEN ON

Canada's first female Mounties had a tough time fitting in — and you won't



# THE FORCE

find their stories in the RCMP's official histories.

by Bonnie Reilly Schmidt

The official group photo of the first cohort of female Mounties, March 3, 1975.

Donna Burns was twenty-one years old when she arrived at her first Royal Canadian Mounted Police posting in Port Alberni, British Columbia, in March 1975. She was at the detachment for less than two weeks when she responded to a call about a young woman being pushed through a plate glass window at a local business. Burns approached the suspect at a fish and chips shop, where she asked if she could talk to him outside. He refused twice. When she asked him a third time, she touched him lightly on the shoulder, and, as she describes it, he went "berserk."

The suspect jumped up suddenly, threw her over the diner's counter, and proceeded to strangle her. Thinking that the man was trying to kill her, Burns' instincts, heightened by her recent training at the RCMP's academy, took over. She reached up behind the man and yanked his long blond hair so hard that he let her go.

DONNA MORSE

**In 1975, Donna Burns became engaged to a fellow Mountie, Ronald Morse. The couple, shown here, caused headaches for RCMP brass because the force had no policy dealing with marriage between two officers.**

She does not recall how she managed to get him into the back of the police cruiser but does remember that she was unable to get handcuffs on him. She also remembered that none of the patrons in the diner helped her while she was being choked; instead, they watched to see how she was going to handle the situation.

Back at the detachment, it took a number of male officers to get the suspect into a cell. The man, who was well-known to police, was charged with assaulting a police officer and eventually sentenced to two years in prison. Burns recalled the judge commenting, "How dare you assault a member of the RCMP, let alone a female member!"

Stories like this cannot be found in official histories of the RCMP. In fact, little is known about the history of women in Canada's iconic police force. As a former police officer myself, I was aware of the valuable history waiting to be told and I conducted interviews with former officers about their experiences as part of research for my Ph.D. dissertation. Burns' story is representative of many of these personal accounts. Her story provides a revealing glimpse into how the presence of women challenged popular conceptions of policing as a male preserve. More broadly, the stories of female Mounties reflect the many ways attitudes toward women were being redefined in Canadian society at the end of the twentieth century.

Most early versions of RCMP history focused on Prime Minister John A. Macdonald, who first envisioned a mounted paramilitary police force to patrol the newly acquired western territories. The force, originally named the North-West Mounted Police, was formed in 1873. By the end of the nineteenth century, historians and journalists alike were crediting the NWMP with aiding in the peaceful settlement of the West, with keeping the peace between First Nations peoples and white settlers, and with dismantling the illegal American whisky trade. Commanding officers such as Sam Steele figured prominently in their often highly romanticized stories.

It was not until the early decades of the twentieth century that women began to appear in biographies and popular histories about the force. These accounts were usually written by the wives of RCMP officers. They were also known as the "unpaid Mountie" or the "second man."

As these names suggest, Mountie wives functioned as unpaid support staff and kept many small and remote detachments running smoothly, saving the police force significant sums of money. However, their work was not officially acknowledged and usually went unnoticed by historians.

POLICE
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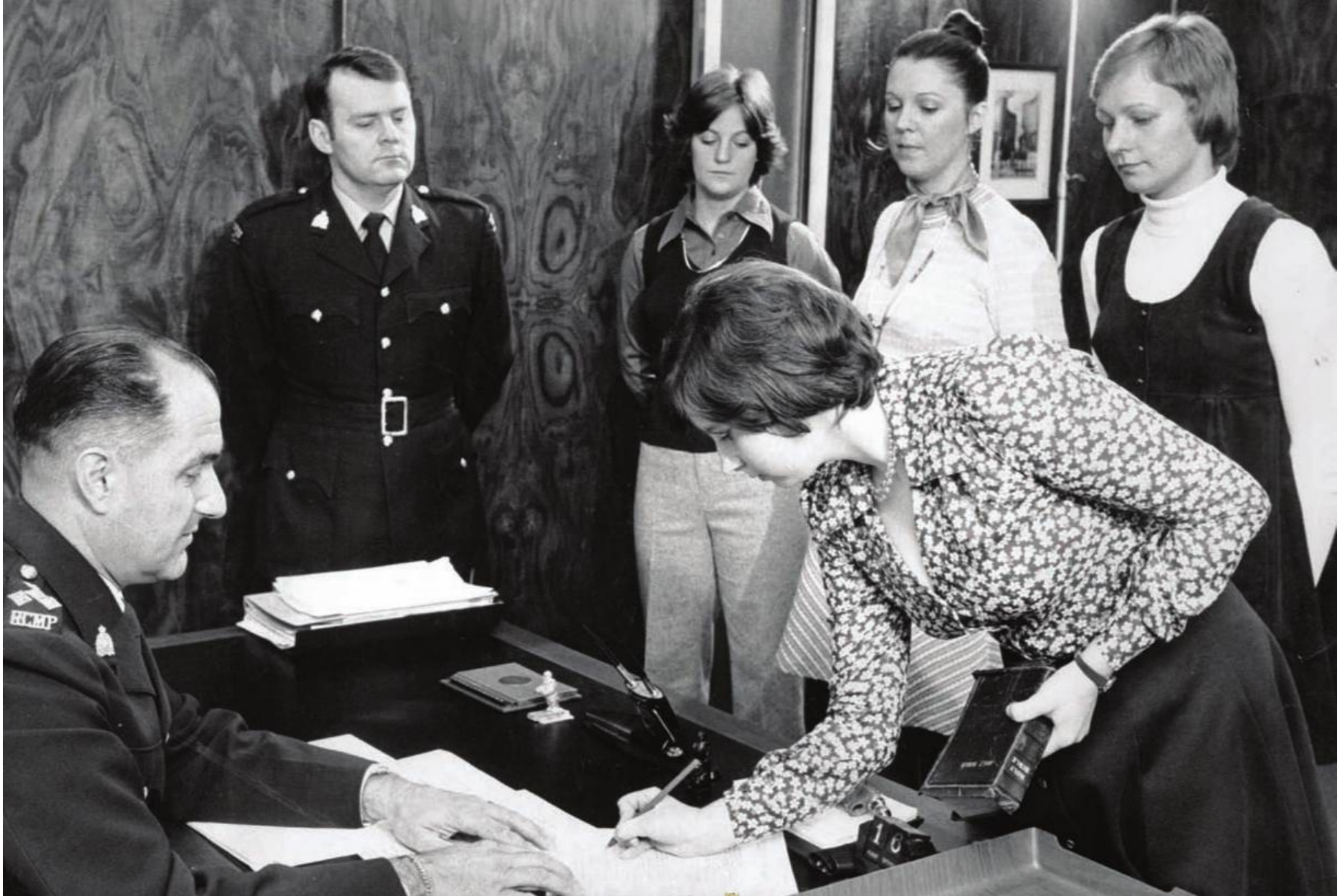
ROBERT KARPA

The role of women in the force took a dramatic turn in the 1970s. At the beginning of the decade, the Royal Commission on the Status of Women in Canada recommended that "enlistment in the RCMP be open to women."

It would take the force another four years and several studies to act. But in May 1974, the RCMP finally announced that it was recruiting women for the first time in its 101-year history.

When the recruitment announcements started appearing in newspapers, Donna Burns was one of the 292 women who applied. For Burns, there was nothing unusual about a woman in policing. She was raised in Calgary, where women were already

Donna Morse in May 2011 at her home in southwestern British Columbia.

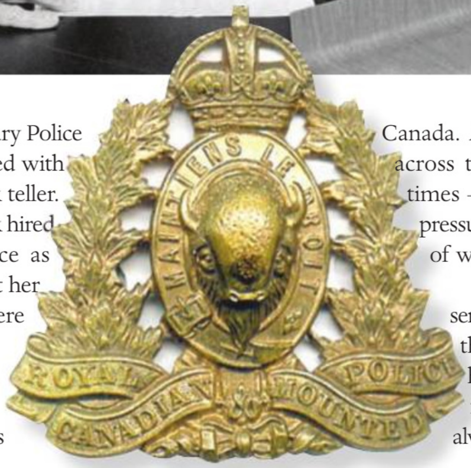


**Heather Ann Phyllis registers to become a new RCMP recruit on September 16, 1974.**

employed as officers with the Calgary Police Service. Burns was also disillusioned with her dead-end occupation as a bank teller. The last straw came when the bank hired men with no banking experience as management trainees. She saw that her opportunities for advancement were very limited.

On September 16, 1974, the RCMP accepted Burns and thirty-one other women from across Canada. All were sworn in simultaneously across the country through coordinated times — a gesture meant to transfer the pressure of being the "first" onto a group of women rather than an individual.

The event was a media sensation. In Toronto, the CBC recorded the ceremony live at the RCMP's headquarters. Bob Johnstone reported for radio listeners that "the force that always gets its man now has women."



## History of women in Canadian police work

**Early 1800s**
Rose Fortune, a Black Loyalist born into slavery, becomes the first woman in Canada known to have taken on police duties. The successful entrepreneur imposes and enforces curfews at the wharf at Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia.

**1887**
A Mrs. Whiddon becomes Toronto's first police matron. Her duties are limited to searching arrested women and attending to them as they waited for their court appearances.

**1912**
Lurancy Harris and Minnie Miller of Vancouver and Annie Jackson of Edmonton are the first women to be hired as police officers. Harris and Miller patrol dance halls, beer parlours, parks, and any "areas of amusement" where women might get into trouble. Jackson's duties involve women engaged in prostitution.

**1933**
Women become an integral part of the Toronto police morality bureau. They are involved in undercover investigations.

**1974**
In Toronto, women officers are assigned to patrols with men. For the first time, the women officers

In Calgary, Burns and two other women had to perform the signing three times for photographers waiting to capture the moment. Many of the new female recruits found themselves on newspaper front pages the next day.

One week later, the women began six months of recruit training at the RCMP's academy in Regina. Steeped in history and paramilitary tradition, the academy had changed its training methods very little since its establishment in 1885. It was modelled after the Royal Irish Constabulary's Depot of Instruction. The RIC was the British Empire's largest professional police force and was the inspiration for many colonial policing bodies. Like its counterpart in Dublin, the Regina academy was named Depot.

Commanding officers and instructors at Depot initially wondered if women could meet the academy's strenuous physical requirements, so they modified a few of the training objectives. For instance, male recruits were expected to lift 125 pounds in weights by the time they graduated, while women were limited to thirty-five pounds. Otherwise, the women were expected to meet the same training objectives as male recruits in firearms, self-defence, swimming, drill, and academic studies.

Since it had no experience training women, the RCMP turned to a female officer from the Canadian military for help. Major Doris Toole, who had previously been in charge of female recruit training at Canadian Forces Base Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, was seconded to act as a liaison between the women and the police force, to monitor their training classes, and to provide advice regarding their uniform and kit.

Rather than using physical force, many female police officers negotiated their way through difficult circumstances.

Toole's presence was reassuring to Burns, who arrived at Depot feeling somewhat scared and naive. It was obvious to her that the male instructors "didn't know how to treat us, and we weren't sure what was being expected of us."

The secondment of Toole was the first and only time the RCMP relied on an outside advisor to assist in training, making her an important figure in RCMP history.

Meanwhile, the intense media attention continued. Reporters received unprecedented access to female recruits during training. The women were interviewed and photographed while jogging, lifting weights, swimming, marching, and learning how to fire revolvers. Even the twenty minutes allotted for their meals turned into a photo op.

The only place the media was not allowed was the dormitory. But even this was circumvented when radio stations started calling the dormitory pay phone and asking for interviews. Most of the women just wanted to fit in with the male recruits, but this was hard to do while under the glare of the media spotlight.

After six months, thirty of the original thirty-two women successfully completed their training. Their graduation ceremony on March 3, 1975, was a memorable event. RCMP commissioner Maurice Nadon and federal Solicitor General Warren Allmand delivered speeches. Five police fathers, including Burns' dad, Staff Sergeant Robert Burns of the Calgary Police Service, presented their daughters with their RCMP identification badges during the ceremony. Allmand later confessed to being "choked up" at witnessing history being made

One week later, Burns arrived in Port Alberni, a mill town on Vancouver Island, where she quickly became a novelty. "You'd stop the police car at an intersection and people would be walking by and they'd be pointing," she recalled. A story about her appeared in the local newspaper soon after her arrival, as did an account of her single-handed arrest of the dangerous man in the fish and chips shop.

Everyone in town knew where she lived, including a group of young men engaged in criminal activity who tried to intimidate her. They sat outside her apartment late at night, put sugar in the gas tank of her car, and followed her around while she was on patrol. But she was not easily rattled.

For the most part, Burns remembers her time in Port Alberni as "absolutely fantastic." She describes her male peers as gentlemen who supported her. Initially, some male officers struggled with whether to protect her as a woman or treat

CANADIAN PRESS

**1975**
Thirty-two women take up duties as the RCMP's first female officers.

**1994**
Lenna Bradburn becomes Canada's first female chief of police, serving as head of the municipal police service in Guelph, Ontario.

**1998**
Gwen Boniface becomes the first woman commissioner of the Ontario Provincial Police.

**2006**
Beverley Busson is appointed, on an interim basis, as the RCMP's first female commissioner.

**Today**
About eighteen per cent of all police officers in Canada are women.

her like a partner. It took some time for Burns to convince them that they should let her do what she was trained to do and for them to understand that women handled situations differently than men.

Rather than using physical force, many female police officers negotiated their way through difficult circumstances. Burns acknowledged that this approach did not always work, as her encounter with the man in the fish and chips shop demonstrated. But she quickly learned that if she took ten minutes longer to resolve a situation through discussion, the outcome was usually more positive

One of her more rewarding experiences took place during her first summer in Port Alberni, when she assisted male officers investigating the rape of two female tourists. Despite her inexperience, they asked her to be involved when they realized that Burns's presence brought a degree of comfort to the traumatized women.

In July 1975, Ronald Morse, a young constable also stationed in Port Alberni, asked Burns to marry him — and a new chapter in RCMP history began. The issue of marriage had been a recurring problem for the police force since 1873. RCMP regulations stipulated that junior police officers were prohibited from marrying for their first five years of service. After five years, permission to marry required approval from a commanding officer along with proof of a sufficient sum of money in a savings account to support a wife.

Many secret weddings took place during the course of a century, but violators were immediately dismissed when caught. RCMP officers usually chose to resign to get married, something Burns' father had done in 1950 before joining the Calgary Police Service. Following the hiring of women in 1974, however, the RCMP abolished this policy and permitted married men to join the police force for the first time in its history.

**The first female mounties stand for inspection during graduation ceremonies at the Regina Depot on March 3, 1975.**

But that was as far as the changes went. By the end of 1975, the RCMP still did not have a policy in place regarding marriage between two Mounties. Commanding officers were shocked at the engagement of Burns to Morse and were unsure of what to do. Orders prohibiting officers from living outside the community where they policed, coupled with resistance to the idea of a married couple working at the same detachment, created an immediate problem for upper management.

Nevertheless, Burns and Morse proceeded with their wedding plans and were married in November 1975. The groom wore his red serge uniform; the bride wore a white dress and changed her name. She was now Donna Morse. The first married Mounties were transferred to the greater Vancouver area, where they worked in neigbouring municipalities.

The RCMP was also unprepared for pregnant Mounties.

There were minimal guidelines stipulating that female officers were to be reassigned to office duties at the onset of pregnancy. They were also entitled to six months of maternity leave, the amount given to all female employees working for the federal government in the 1970s. The force held the pregnant officer's position for her until she returned to duty. Since these vacancies resulted in an increased workload for other officers, particularly in small detachments, they became a source of contention.

The issue of how to dress a pregnant Mountie went unresolved for decades. Early designs for an operational maternity uniform did not allow for the wearing of a service revolver. A shoulder holster would have solved the problem, but the RCMP refused to alter its policy prohibiting uniformed officers from wearing them. It was not until 1996 that the police force hired a professional clothing designer who developed a maternity uniform equipped with a side entry for a service revolver.

But these advances came too late for Morse. When she became pregnant with her first child in1980, she chose to hide her pregnancy for five months and remained operational. It was not until she was unable to do up the trousers of her uniform that she informed her supervisor that she was pregnant. Morse, unsure of her rights, was uncertain how her pregnancy would affect her career. It was important to her to continue to pull her own weight as a police officer.

In hindsight, she would do things differently. Some of the incidents she dealt with, such as entering a burning house and attending serious traffic accidents, she now views as far too risky for an unborn child. Nevertheless, Morse counted herself fortunate to have been stationed in larger urban detachments that accommodated each of her pregnancies.

She returned to full operational police duties after the birth of each of her three children.

Despite the presence of women, RCMP culture was slow to change. Federal employment equity laws and official RCMP policy did not stop female officers from being targets of harassment. Morse's first encounter with sexual harassment took place when a senior male RCMP officer who accompanied her on a trip made a number of unwanted sexual advances towards her. She says that when they returned from the trip, he intimidated her into keeping quiet about what had happened. She confided only in her husband. Her experience was not unusual. Many female officers resigned as a result of being harassed on the job. These resignations contributed to high attrition rates for female Mounties.

RIC HALL

By its nature, police work takes a psychological and emotional toll on officers, whether they are men or women. As new understandings about post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) emerge, historians are revising their approach to historical events. Recent studies on shell shock in the First World War, for example, have increased our understanding of soldiers' responses to the horrors of war. Similarly, incidents of PTSD among RCMP officers increase our understanding of the history of policing in Canada.

During the 1970s, emotional responses were often associated with femininity and were considered a sign of weakness. Mounties were supposed to remain professional, which was usually interpreted to mean masculine, rational, and dispassionate in the face of trauma.

As a result, many female Mounties struggled with the emotional aftermath of traumatic events. In November 1982, while on patrol, Morse responded to a call about a serious traffic accident — a drunk driver had hit a vehicle head-on. As she approached a crumpled vehicle in a nearby ditch, two male bystanders tried to prevent her from going further. She shook them off, moved closer, and then realized that the mangled car was a police cruiser — and her partner was inside the wreckage.

Despite the horrific circumstances, Morse calmly took control of the accident scene until help arrived. Afterwards, she and all the other members at the detachment struggled to cope with the near death of their seriously injured co-worker, who remained in hospital for weeks. Morse recalled that "in those years you didn't talk" about emotional stress, and the RCMP did not provide trauma counselling.

Three weeks later, Morse was driving her police cruiser when she began to lose her eyesight and muscle control. She pulled over to the side of the road and radioed in to the detachment for help. At the hospital, doctors diagnosed her condition as possibly multiple sclerosis or an epileptic seizure. Morse completely lost her eyesight and the use of her muscles. She also lost her driver's licence and was placed on medical leave.

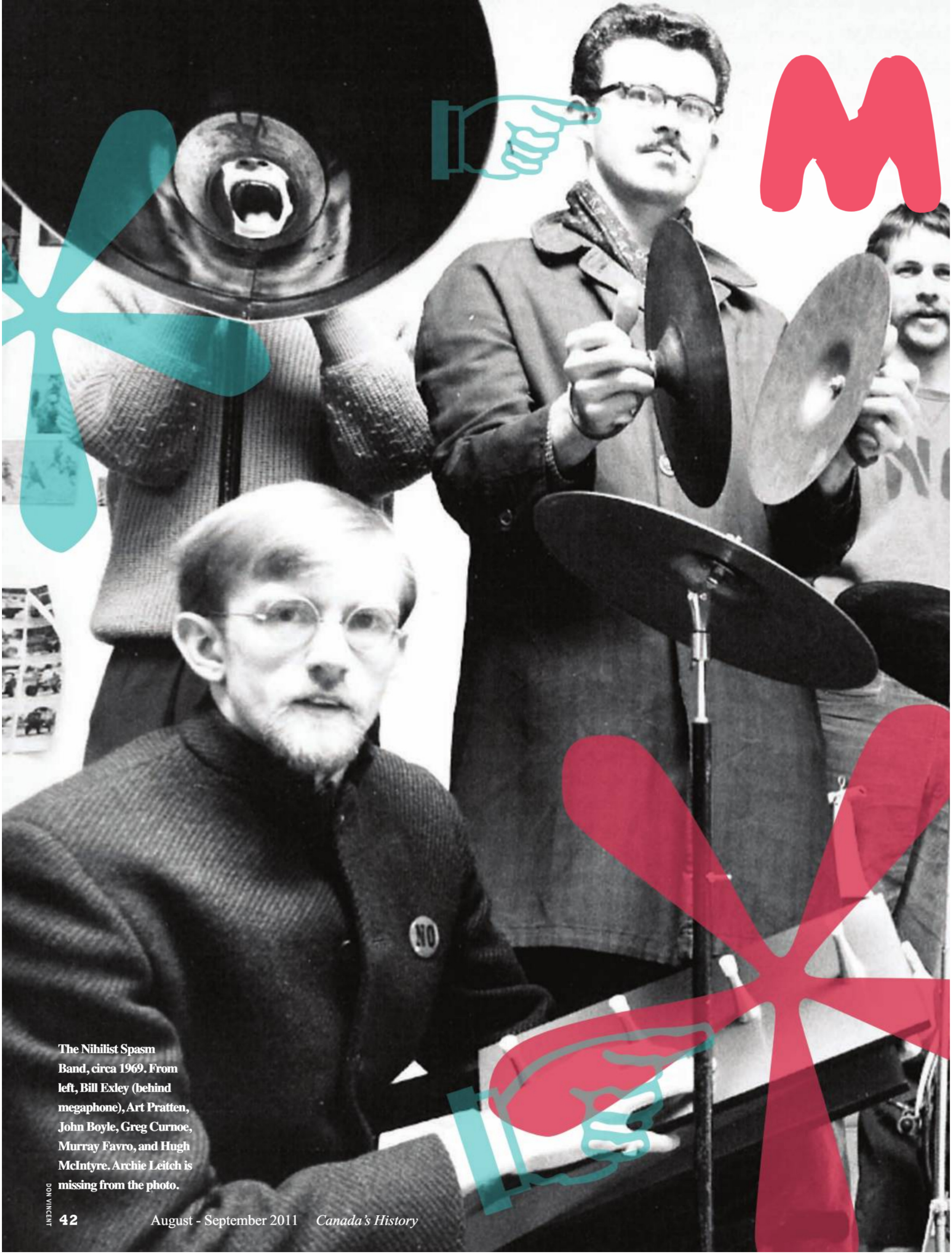
It was a number of weeks before her eyesight returned. She eventually regained the use of her muscles, and she returned to active duty, two months after the accident, on December 31, albeit while still under her doctor's care.

Today we understand her condition as PTSD, a response to the emotional trauma of the motor vehicle accident. The misdiagnosis had an impact on her personal life. Morse delayed having a second child based on her doctor's advice that a pregnancy could trigger a return of the symptoms. The horrific traffic accident, and the ensuing trauma it produced, remains a powerful memory for Morse.

She retired from the RCMP in 1995 after twenty-one years of service. Her husband Ronald retired in 1994; her children are now young adults. Today, Morse works as a director of corporate security for a branch of the provincial government in British Columbia.

Few would argue against the idea that women have made significant contributions to the history of the RCMP. Since 1974, women have distinguished themselves as members of the force. Some have received recognition for their bravery and courage. Others have been gravely injured while serving their communities. Four women have lost their lives in the line of duty.

Today, most Canadians assume that women are capable of doing police work. A female Mountie is not an unusual sight — they've come a long way since 1974. Indeed, the personal histories of female RCMP officers like Donna Morse illustrate just how far women have journeyed.



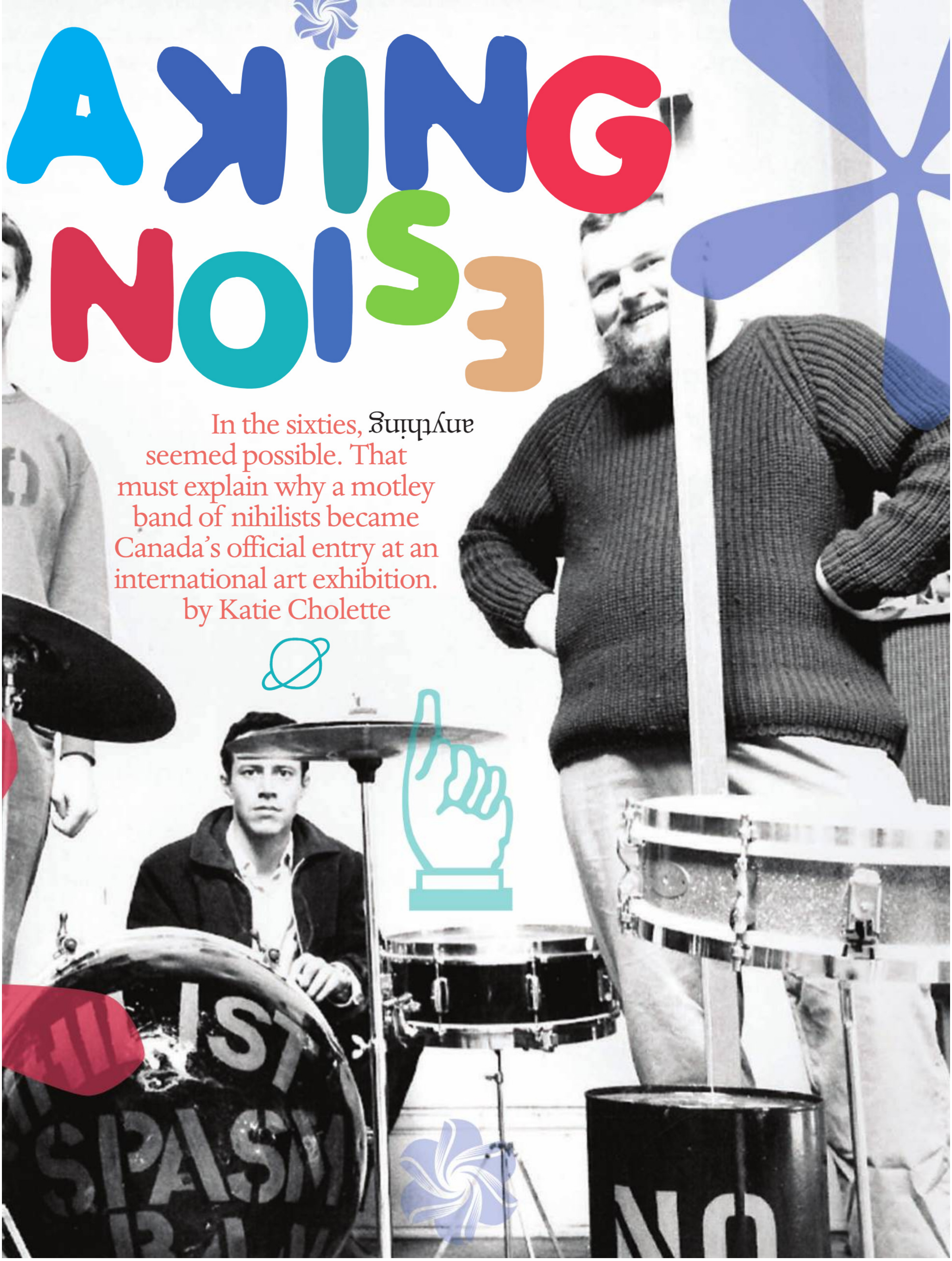
The Nihilist Spasm Band, circa 1969. From left, Bill Exley (behind megaphone), Art Pratten, John Boyle, Greg Curnoe, Murray Favro, and Hugh McIntyre. Archie Leitch is missing from the photo.

DON VINCENT

# AKING NOISE

In the sixties, anything seemed possible. That must explain why a motley band of nihilists became Canada's official entry at an international art exhibition.

by Katie Cholette



**Above: Pierre Théberge, an assistant curator at the National Gallery of Canada, was tasked with chaperoning the Nihilists during their Paris trip. He is shown here, second from right.**

FRANÇOIS GAILLARD/NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA

At noon on Wednesday, October 1, 1969, the workday routine of central Paris was shattered by a sudden cacophony. Loud, jarring, atonal noise emanated from the courtyard of the Galerie de France. Curious students and office workers drifted toward the courtyard to see what was causing the commotion. When they arrived they were confronted by seven young Canadians wielding strange, homemade instruments. The onlookers were bewildered: Who was this motley collection of men, and why were they making such a ruckus?

The men were John Boyle, Greg Curnoe, Bill Exley, Murray Favro, Archie Leitch, Hugh McIntyre, and Art Pratten, members of the Nihilist Spasm Band of London, Ontario. This unlikely collection of counterculture musicians — whose screeching, twanging, clanking, humming, buzzing compositions defied categorization — had been selected as Canada's official musical entry in the sixth Paris Biennale des Jeunes, an international exhibition for young artists. Selected by the National Gallery of Canada, with financial help from the Department of External Affairs, the Nihilist Spasm Band — which had rarely played outside of its hometown — had hit the big time with its first international performance.

The decision created a stir back home. Even the avant-garde Parisians weren't sure what to make of the spectacle.

"The audience was made up of young French intellectuals, and they just didn't know how to place us, somehow," Curnoe told the *Toronto Star* shortly after the concert.

Defiantly anti-American and proudly "regionalist," Curnoe was a key member of the band and represented a new breed of Canadian artist — one whose work was hip, topical, and unique. In the self-congratulatory mood of post-centennial Canada, the Nihilist Spasm Band seemed a fitting representative of a nation that had recently redefined itself through the bold experimentalism of Expo 67, with its expansive theme of Man and His World. No longer would Canada be seen as an insular cultural backwater.

The Nihilist Spasm Band was a pioneer of this emerging new expression of Canadian identity. It was formed in 1965 as an offshoot of the London Nihilist Party — the latter described by the *London Free Press* as a "loosely based anti-organization organization." Curnoe, the driving force behind both the band and the party, was a charismatic young artist whose star was rapidly rising in the Canadian art world. Thanks to his association with Pierre Théberge, the assistant curator of Canadian art at the National Gallery of Canada, Curnoe was featured in a number of national and international exhibitions during the 1960s.

Théberge and Joanna Woods Marsden, the gallery's coordinator of travelling exhibitions, came up with the idea of sending the band to Paris, suggesting it would be perfect for the biennale's carnival atmosphere. Jean Sutherland Boggs, the director of the gallery, was not initially convinced of the wisdom of the choice, although she eventually capitulated.

The National Gallery's decision raised the public's hackles. Complaints arose over the spending of taxpayers' money to send to Paris a "band that does not play music, but only makes noise." One newspaper reviewer contended that the selection of the band was "a case of 'pull' and knowing the right people." In a story in the *St. Catharines Standard* entitled "Canada Represented by Garbage," Andy Neimers wrote: "Some dimwit — or a committee of dimwits — holding public purse strings at the National Gallery in Ottawa, has decided the band will represent Canada in the musical category at the Paris show." Phone-in listeners to a London radio station expressed the belief that the band was nothing more than a "put-on" and a "sinful" waste of money.

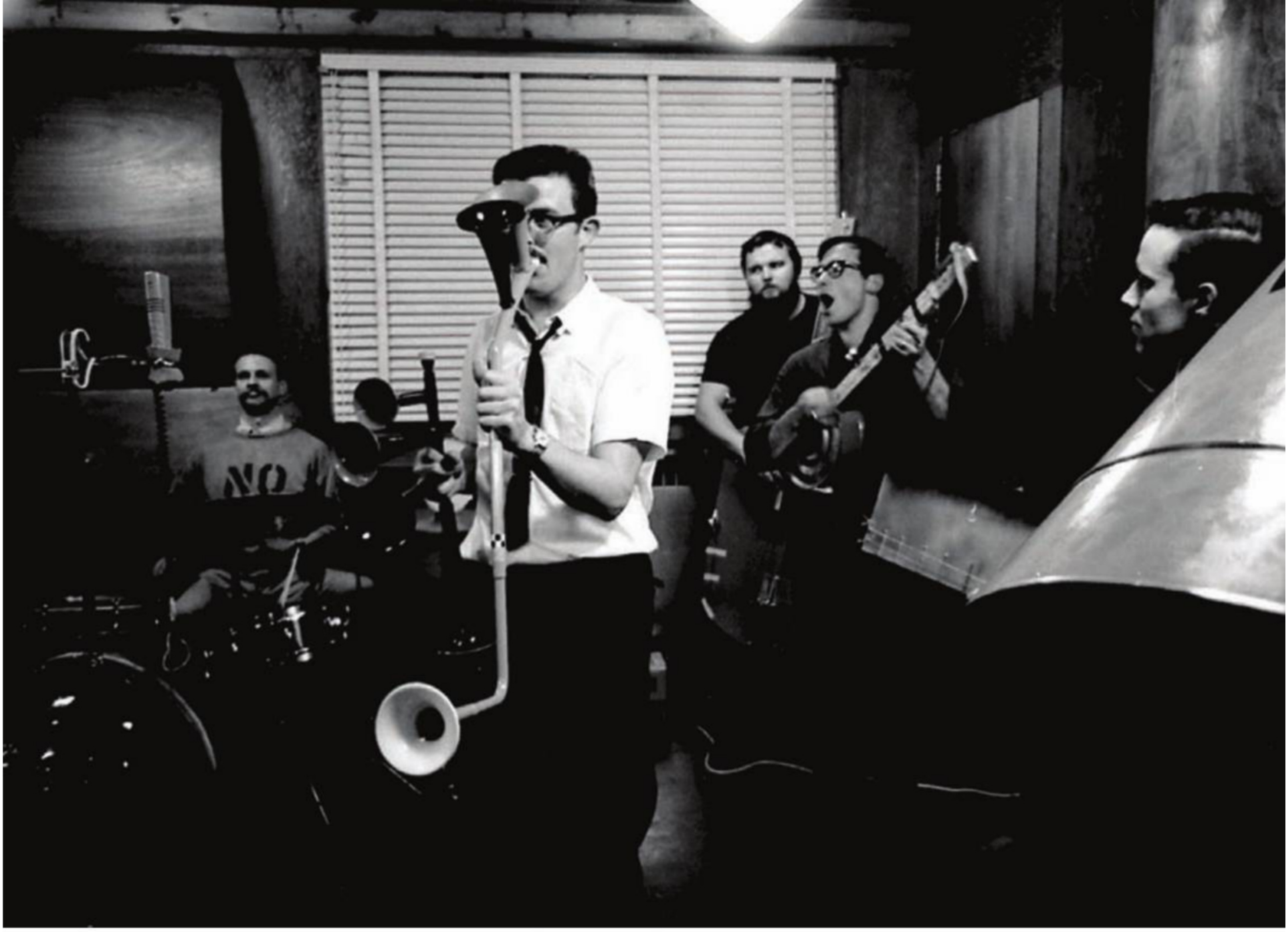
Even the band members could not believe the National Gallery's choice. Right until the moment of their departure, they were convinced that someone would have second thoughts and the trip would be cancelled.

They were also aware of the irony of their selection. When the editor of *Five Cent Review* — a small, limited-run periodical that proclaimed itself the "monthly review of the arts in Canada" — asked the band members if this meant they had been co-opted and were now official culture, McIntyre responded, "*Five Cent*'s question has forced me to think deeply about the whole situation. Slowly, and reluctantly, I have been forced to the conclusion that the Nihilist Spasm Band has co-opted the Government of Canada. But we didn't mean to. Honest."

They were certainly original. Over the years, their instruments included a giant electric kazoo, a fretless bass guitar, a solid-body violin with two metal strings, and something that looked like a doorstop. Most were electrically amplified. None were in tune with each other.

In addition to the seven band members, five wives accompanied the group. Théberge was dispatched to act as their chaper-

DON VINCENT



**Above:** **The band circa 1968, performing with their homemade instruments.**

Subtle signs that the reception was over meant nothing to the uncouth Nihilists; they had to be nudged toward the door.

one while Marsden had the challenging task of organizing the trip. She encountered problems over everything from whether or not the band's name should be translated into French (it wasn't), to whether their weird instruments would encounter problems at French customs (they didn't), and whether she could find the band a suitably "swinging" and cheap hotel (she couldn't). Aware of the group's unpredictable nature, Marsden gloomily foresaw a week spent hunting for the band members or their wives in the corners of the St. Germain-des-Prés district.

HILIST
SPASM
BA

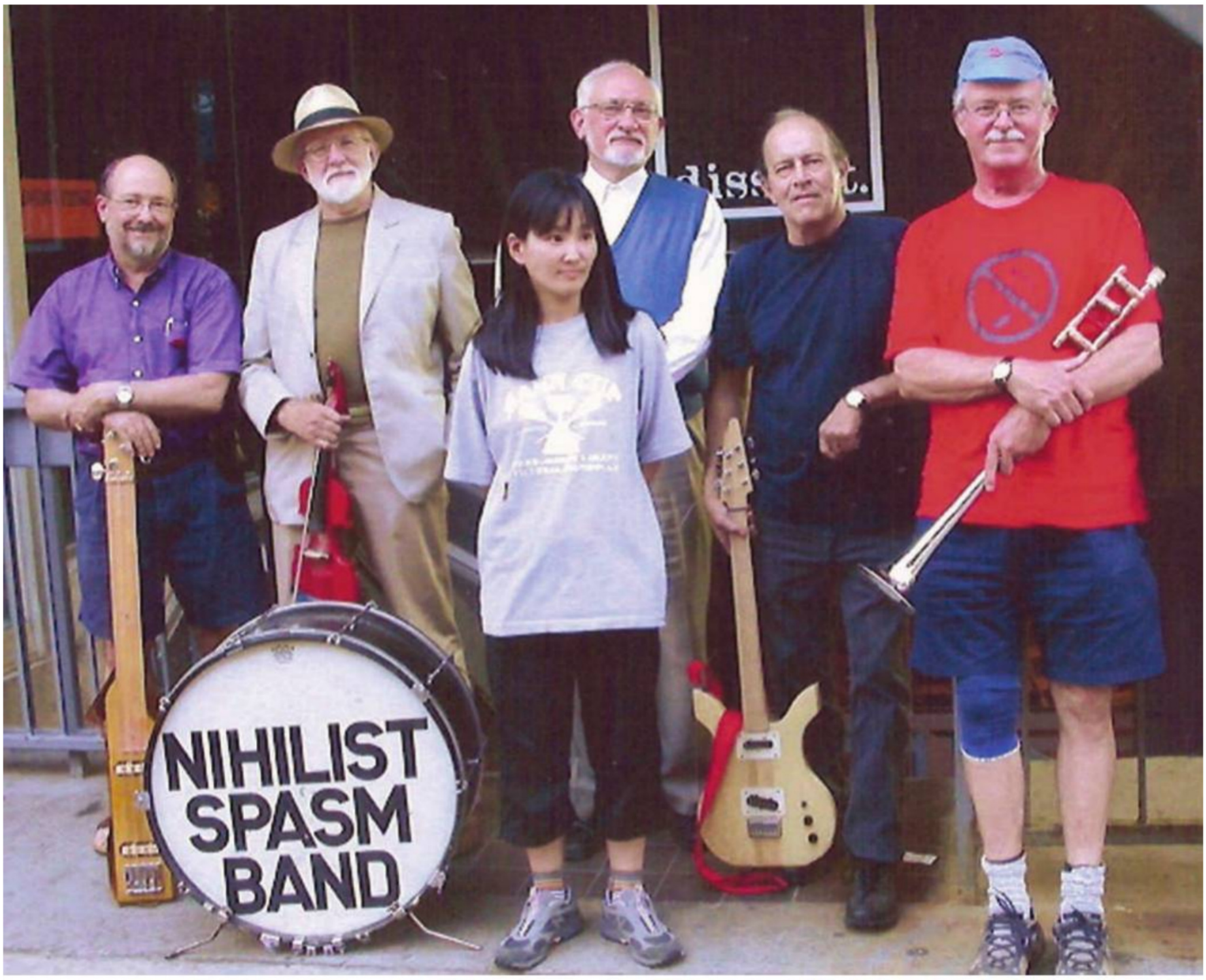
Despite Marsden's trepidation, the band members arrived safely in Paris on September 28. Sporting specially made red-and-black jackets, they gleefully played up their selection as "Canada's Official Music Team 1969."

About two hundred people attended their initial performance in the courtyard of the Galerie de France, which was held a day before the official opening of the biennale. The audience included Michel Sanouillet, a leading expert on the Dada art movement, and Teeny Duchamp, widow of the artist Marcel Duchamp.

That evening, the Nihilists were invited to a formal reception at the Canadian Embassy, where their long hair, casual clothing, and anarchistic attitudes clashed with the eighteenth-century embassy's fine furnishings and crystal chandeliers. Fearing damage, the ambassador's wife prohibited dancing and asked Leitch to remove his boots from the antique coffee table.

Meanwhile, Art and Barbara Pratten kissed under a chandelier for photographs. The following day, the local newspaper reported: "Champagne flowed freely, and as subtle signs that the reception was over meant nothing to the uncouth Nihilists, they had to be nudged toward the door."

The band played at the inauguration of the biennale the following day, performing rousing versions of "La Marseillaise"



TIM GLASGOW

**Above: A recent lineup of original band members. From left, John Clement, Art Pratten, guest performer Aya Onishi, Bill Exley, Murray Favro, and John Boyle. Greg Curnoe and Hugh McIntyre are deceased and Archie Leitch retired.**

— the French national anthem — “God Save the Queen,” “O Canada,” and a song that included the lyrics “I Hate the U.S.A.” There wasn’t really a message to their music. At best, their atonal, improvisational compositions expressed contempt for anything remotely conventional and pushed the boundaries of acceptability.

In true anarchistic fashion, the group resisted any attempts at a schedule. Art Pratten recalled: “We couldn’t agree on a place to eat, we couldn’t even agree on which way to walk, what streets to go on, how to get there, how to get away from there, what time to pack up, what time to play, whether or not we should play at all or go and drink beer. We couldn’t agree on anything, not one thing.”

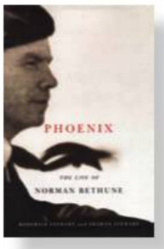
After their performances in Paris, the band travelled to London, England, to play at the Institute of Contemporary Art, which was almost a complete fiasco. The institute did almost nothing to promote the gig and the audience of fifteen people trickled away until only Théberge was left.

The trip to London would have been a total disaster had not the British pop artist Richard Hamilton, who knew Curnoe, shamed the institute into giving them a second concert. The second audience was still not large, but it included artists David Hockney, Jim Dine, and Richard Hamilton, and deputy director of the Slade School of Art, William Townsend.

The Nihilist Spasm Band was chosen to represent Canada internationally at an important moment in the country’s history. In the surge of nationalism that surrounded Canada’s centennial, culture played a central role in defining a new national identity. The selection of the band was an attempt to break with Canada’s colonial past (and its artistic legacy) and an opportunity to assert the country’s sovereignty. More than four decades after the band’s trip to Paris, the Nihilist Spasm Band’s selection for the Paris Biennale des Jeunes remains a remarkably bold choice.

Also remarkable is the fact that they continue to perform today. Two of the original members — Curnoe and McIntyre — are deceased. However, the remaining members continue to put on concerts. In fact, the band has seen a marked increase in popularity in recent years — it is especially popular in Japan. Its work is now recognized as being part of a musical genre called “noise.”

The band’s impact on Canadian art and music has become apparent after a number of decades. It involves not so much the music itself but what the band represented: a break with the establishment, a new way of making art, and a unique form of expression.



SELFLESS SURGEON

**Phoenix: The Life of Norman Bethune**
by Roderick Stewart and Sharon Stewart
McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal, 2011
493 pp., illus., $39.95 hardcover

When former Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau decided to seek diplomatic relations with the People's Republic of China at the time of its Cultural Revolution, he made use of the NFB film *Bethune*. Canadian doctor Norman Bethune had already become a heroic figure for millions of Chinese for his selfless work to save soldiers' lives during the country's war with Japan. The film recorded Bethune as a battlefield surgeon in the remote mountains of China, where he died from blood poisoning at forty-nine years of age.

*Phoenix: The Life of Norman Bethune* is a new biography by Roderick Stewart and Sharon Stewart that contains a wealth of additional details about the last months of Bethune's life. The book also answers many questions about the controversial, charismatic surgeon and humanitarian who lived by his favourite quotation of Walter Pater: "Not the fruit of experience, but the experience itself is the end.... To burn always with this hard gem-like flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life."

The biographies Roderick Stewart penned previously, *Bethune* and *The Mind of Norman Bethune*, though the best in their times, seem now to be stepping stones towards this rock-solid and riveting book. Stewart came across recently released archival materials — two memoirs by people who had worked alongside Bethune in Spain and in China, letters and reports by Bethune, and other fresh sources that required a whole new book.

Certainly the heroic character of Bethune takes on a darker tone in *Phoenix*, as if the biographer finally saw his lifelong subject in all his complexities, bravery, and foolhardiness.

The title *Phoenix* alludes to Bethune's ability to rise, so to speak, from his own ashes, whether psychically or physically. As a young successful doctor in Detroit, he contracted tuberculosis but survived to lead a crusade to find a cure for the epidemic disease in the 1930s. This biography also depicts Bethune's torturous relationship with Frances Penney, a naive Scottish belle he married and divorced twice and for whom he carried a torch until his death. Other amorous relationships with women, such as the artist Marian Scott, are also highlighted and show Bethune's vulnerabilities.

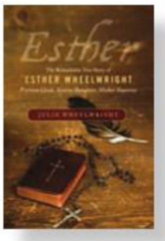
Bethune found himself an outsider in the conservative medical establishment of the 1930s for his pioneering efforts towards a form of medicare and for becoming a member of the Communist Party of Canada. His career as a social and medical activist led him to perform his surgical work everywhere from state-of-the-art North American operating theatres, to secret operating rooms under brilliant chandeliers in a palace in Spain, to primitive farm kitchens and ruins of Buddhist temples in China.

As the authors point out, Bethune's perceived flaws as an establishment doctor (his mentor, Dr. Edward Archibald, branded his quick style of operating "a little dangerous") became positive qualities in guerrilla warfare conditions.

Canadian missionary Dr. Richard Brown wrote of how Bethune had only impatience for cultural differences and how in China he angrily refused to climb into a rickshaw because he didn't want to be pulled by another human being. His desire to relieve human suffering was so deep that when a pot of chicken soup, a luxury during the war, was cooked to boost his diminishing strength, he refused to eat it and fed the broth to the sick Chinese soldiers in his care.

*Phoenix* is an outstanding biography that establishes Norman Bethune, once and for all, as an extraordinary healer and humanitarian, a Canadian who wanted to change the world and who wilfully walked on the hot coals of despair and rejection in order to accomplish that.

Reviewed by **Anne Cimon**, a Montreal freelance writer. Her latest book is the biography *Susanna Moodie: Pioneer Author*.



CAPTIVATING CONVERT

**Esther: The Remarkable True Story of Esther Wheelwright, Puritan Child, Native Daughter, Mother Superior**
by Julie Wheelwright
HarperCollins, Toronto, 2011
352 pp., illus., $32.99 hardcover

Esther Marie-Joseph Wheelwright de l'Enfant Jésus is fortunate to have as her biographer a descendant: historian and journalist Julie Wheelwright. Julie, a zealous researcher, plays the role of detective, sifting through scraps of puzzling evidence covering three centuries in pursuit of her elusive, almost ephemeral quarry.

In 1703, seven-year-old Esther, great-granddaughter of hellfire and brimstone preacher John Wheelwright, was abducted from her Puritan settlement in northeastern Maine by a war party of French soldiers and Abenaki warriors. Marched, with sixty-eight others, to the Jesuit mission at Norridgewock on the Kennebec River, Esther was adopted by an Abenaki family to replace their own dead child. After the mission moved to St. François in New France, Esther became a Catholic with a new name, Marie-Joseph, and a pawn in the fierce religious war between the French Catholics and the English Protestants.

The Wheelwrights, desperate to get their daughter back, freed her from the Abenaki by providing a native imprisoned by the English. But rather than joyfully returning home, Esther entered the boarding school at the Ursuline convent in Quebec and soon joined the order. She became Mother Superior in 1760, after Quebec became a British colony, and died in the cloister in 1780.

The conversion of a Puritan girl into a *religieuse* was a triumph for Father Vincent Bigot, who had taken this bright, skinny girl under his wing. For Esther, the convent — a refuge from a murderous world — was a busy and creative community. She taught her pupils dancing and needlework as well as reading, writing, arithmetic, piety, and good manners. In the exquisitely decorated chapel, the nuns sang and chanted their religious observances and gave concerts for parents.

As the decades passed, Esther — believed by the French to be an aristocrat — became an important point of contact between the colony's elite and her wealthy, influential Wheelwright relatives in New England. After the British conquest, when the nuns had to share their bombed-out convent with the British army's commanding officer and his staff, Esther's English roots and diplomatic skills enabled the Ursulines to avoid persecution or expulsion.

As Mother Superior, she was a hard-headed businesswoman. The impoverished nuns manufactured religious objects to sell to churches that had been damaged or destroyed, baked biscuits for the British army, made jam and pastries for the priests, sold produce from their farms and gardens to the local citizens, and crafted embroidered birchbark boxes for the English tourists. "We sell at a high price to the English gentlemen," she wrote, "yet they seem to consider it a privilege to buy, so eager are they for our work."

*Esther*'s strength is Julie Wheelwright's ability to place her ancestor vividly in the context of her place and time. She tells us about eighteenth-century Abenaki life and beliefs and about the brutal massacres by English, French, and First Nations. Her portrayal of the Ursulines is intimate and revealing, her account of the British siege of Quebec harrowing.

Some of the principal characters, especially the governor of New France, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, could have been fleshed out, and the book would have benefited from more portraits and maps sprinkled throughout the text. But Julie Wheelwright fearlessly drags skeletons — including slavery, espionage, and Esther's rumoured illegitimate child — out of closets, including her own.

Esther Wheelwright was only one of hundreds of English captives who remained in Quebec and exerted a subtle influence on the colony's future. We should know more about them.

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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS
Advancing Knowledge
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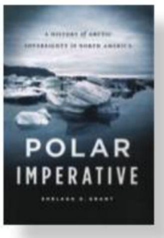
Reviewed by **Heather Robertson**, whose latest book, *Walking into Wilderness: The Toronto Carrying Place and Nine Mile Portage*, covers the war between the French, English, and their First Nations allies in the Great Lakes watershed.



## FIGHT FOR THE NORTH

**Polar Imperative:**
**A History of Arctic Sovereignty in North America**
by Shelagh D. Grant
Douglas & McIntyre, Vancouver, 2010
560 pp., illus., $39.95 hardcover

While few Canadians have actually been to the Arctic, and fewer still actually live there, the region nonetheless looms large in our sense of identity as Canadians. It's difficult to picture a Canada without the sweeping vastness of its polar regions. And we take umbrage at the idea that other nations might have claims to some of it. But how did we come to "own" this place that for much of our country's history was difficult and dangerous to get to, sketchily charted, hard to administer, and unforgiving to the unprepared?

*Polar Imperative* looks at the big picture that surrounds this question, comparing how other nations such as the United States, Britain, Denmark, Russia, Norway, the Netherlands, Spain, and Portugal historically laid claim to parts of the northern circumpolar region, and also going back thousands of years to examine the early occupation of the Arctic by Aboriginal peoples. The latter is noteworthy, since most books about Canadian Arctic history begin with the British Admiralty expeditions, as if no one had previously explored the Arctic.

Author Shelagh D. Grant draws on recent archaeological research that suggests human beings walked across the Bering Strait to this continent more than 20,000 years ago, but didn't settle in the Arctic until around 3000 BC, when the glaciers had receded. By 2000 BC most of the Arctic was home to scattered bands of Paleo-Eskimos — who accomplished, as the author points out, the last major land-taking of an unoccupied region of the earth. The Paleo-Eskimos were later displaced by the Inuit and Alaskan Eskimos, representing "the first known challenge in the western hemisphere to the modern concept of Arctic sovereignty," says Grant.

Big changes came between the years 1500 and 1812, when European merchants and monarchs pursued riches in the form of furs, ivory, cod, and whale oil, as well as a direct northern shipping route to access the fabulous wealth of the Orient. Explorer Martin Frobisher was the first to claim parts of what is now the Canadian Arctic for England. Meanwhile, further to the east, the seventeenth-century Dutch claimed possession of west Greenland and dominated the rich whaling area of Spitzbergen. And eighteenth-century Russia established settlements in what is now Alaska, complete with churches and schools.

The next era — from 1818 to 1853 — saw the rise of the British Admiralty as a key player in Arctic exploration. This was fuelled in part by the Napoleonic Wars — there was a surplus of Royal Navy officers with nothing to do, so they were tasked with exploring, mapping, and studying the world, including the Arctic. Their exploration narratives are filled with hair-raising adventure in a land of stormy seas and vicious polar bears.

The search for the Northwest Passage dominated their quest; yet, the Arctic itself was seen by the Admiralty as barren and not worth owning. John Barrow, second secretary of the Admiralty, described a British flag-raising ceremony at Lancaster Sound as "silly."

During the second half of the nineteenth century, Americans dominated Arctic exploration, seeing it as their "manifest destiny" to have dominion over the entire North American continent. The U.S. purchased Alaska from a cash-strapped Russia in 1867 and considered making an offer to purchase the vast territory controlled by the Hudson's Bay Company. Seeing the danger, Prime Minister John A. MacDonald moved swiftly to have the latter transferred to the Dominion of Canada in 1870.

The last half of the book is about more recent history. It details the familiar themes of establishing Arctic sovereignty, the Arctic's strategic importance during the Second World War and the Cold War, the recent boom in gas and oil exploration, Inuit land claims, and the impact of global warming.

The encyclopaedic detail can be a challenge to wade through. But overall, the writing is accessible to a general reader, and Grant's comprehensive survey comes across as a fresh look at a region that has long consumed our identity as Canadians.

There's little doubt that Grant writes from a place of authority. An adjunct professor at Trent University, she drew from thirty years of research to write this book, which this year won both the Lionel Gelber Prize for best non-fiction book on foreign affairs and the J.W. Dafoe Book Prize for non-fiction writing about Canada, Canadians, and the nation in international affairs.

Reviewed by **Nelle Oosterom**, the Senior Editor of *Canada's History* magazine.

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TRIUMPH AT KAPYONG
CANADA'S PIVOTAL BATTLE IN KOREA
DAN BJARNASON

### CRITICAL VICTORY

**Triumph at Kapyong:**
**Canada's Pivotal Battle in Korea**
by Dan Bjarnason
Dundurn, Toronto, 2011
198 pp., illus., $22.99 paperback

In August 1953, a Canadian Press reporter filed a story about eleven Korean War veterans arriving at the Sea Island airport in Vancouver. The Canadian troops had been captured and imprisoned during the three-year war and were about to be repatriated. Noting the former POWs' "laconic" demeanour, the CP reporter stopped Private Ronald Watson and asked him if his imprisonment in communist North Korea had *really* happened.

"No, it never happened," Watson kibitzed. "Let's forget it ever happened."

If it had been long-time CBC TV reporter Dan Bjarnason asking the questions back then, and any of the seven hundred Canadian troops who fought and won the battle at Kapyong in the middle of the Korean War answering, Canadians' perception of this crucial fight and of the entire war might have enjoyed more attention. As a journalist and documentary producer, Bjarnason has often reflected on the nearly forgotten April 24–26, 1951, battle at Kapyong. This spring, Dundurn published his first book on the subject — *Triumph at Kapyong: Canada's Pivotal Battle in Korea*.

"Kapyong is a sure-fire thriller," he writes. "It has all the ingredients of a terrific saga, full of gunfire and danger, of heroism and sacrifice. It's also full of Canadians. It's the classic story of the few against the many."

Kapyong, as Bjarnason points out in this instantly readable two-hundred-page book, is the story of seven hundred members of the second battalion of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry sent into the United Nations Forces line to plug a hole. Beginning on the night of April 24, 1951, more than five thousand battle-hardened Communist Chinese troops swarmed the valley of the Kapyong River to surround and annihilate the Canadian positions. And yet, the Canadians held on. Outnumbered seven to one, the PPCLI troops successfully drove off repeated attacks that could have led to the fall of the South Korean capital city of Seoul and defeat in the war, instead of the eventual stalemate and armistice in July 1953.

As he has done effectively in his news items about the war, Bjarnason has searched out key individuals at the heart of battle for his book. Through those individuals, he has refocused attention on Canada's role in the UN-sponsored defence of South Korean sovereignty south of the thirty-eighth parallel, a defence that cost more than five hundred Canadian lives. And, in the telling, the author has proved the Canadians' soldiering notable and their stories quotable.

Among them, Bjarnason spotlights the herculean efforts of platoon commander Mike Levy. A Second World War veteran, Levy led his 10th platoon of Dog Company, PPCLI, to victory, despite the odds. Bjarnason describes Levy's leadership in the heat of battle — darting from foxhole to foxhole and directing the fire of his troops — as "a product of character rather than training."

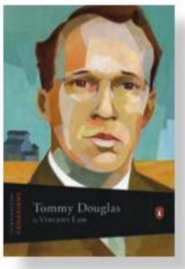
During a lull in the battle, the author explains, Levy heard a Chinese officer demanding that his troops advance "to kill the American pigs." Fluent in Chinese, Levy shouted back, "We are Canadian[s] … we have lots of Canadian soldiers here." Finally, with waves of Communist troops about to overwhelm his position, the young lieutenant recommended DFSOS — Defensive Fire and SOS, or firing on his own position. The tactic drove off the Chinese offensive and, oddly, earned his superior officer the Military Cross.

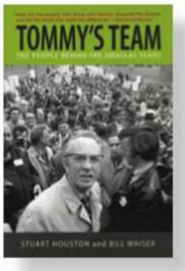
"[Levy's] bravery and integrity was the stuff of legend," Bjarnason writes.

Ultimately, like the war itself, the battle was forgotten. "A great pity," Bjarnason writes, "[since] the Kapyong story sparkles with qualities that Canadians like to believe make up their national character: courage, initiative, modesty, and an unprecedented, rock-solid belief in themselves."

One wonders, had Bjarnason and his reporting skills been present back in 1951, if Kapyong's legacy today might be one of nationwide remembrance, rather than a nearly forgotten footnote.

Reviewed by **Ted Barris**, who teaches journalism at Centennial College in Toronto. His book *Deadlock in Korea: Canadians at War 1950–1953* was originally published in 1999 and is now available in paperback from Thomas Allen Publishers.




TOMMY'S TEAM
THE PEOPLE BEHIND THE DOUGLAS YEARS
STUART HOUSTON and BILL WAISER

### PASSIONATE PRAGMATIST

**Tommy Douglas**
by Vincent Lam
Penguin Canada, Toronto, 2011
253 pp., $26 hardcover

**Tommy's Team:**
**The People Behind the Douglas Years**
by Stuart Houston and Bill Waiser
Fifth House, Markham, Ontario, 2010
255 pp., illus., $19.95 paperback

Three hundred thousand dollars, plus interest — that's how much I would owe if Canada did not have universal health care. I've been grateful for it — even more so during my husband's years of dialysis and his eventual transplant — but for all its impact on my quality of life I didn't know much about how it came to be, except that Tommy Douglas was its champion.

So I dove right in to Vincent Lam's *Tommy Douglas*. It was easy enough to do;

like the rest of the Extraordinary Canadians series, Lam's biography offers much detail about and insight into its subject. Written and packaged like a small, hardcover novel, the book makes for light commute or holiday reading. Considering the health care debates happening now in the U.S. — where one hears echoes of the arguments and, at times, hysteria described in these pages — it is also a timely read.

Lam, a medical doctor and award-winning novelist, does a wonderful job of describing the events in Douglas's life that produced the personal and moral convictions that fuelled him. Born into a robust family household that encouraged debate and freethinking, the quick-witted and energetic young Douglas was encouraged to mingle with people of all cultures and origins. His parents imbued in him a respect for the working class and the desire to help those who were less fortunate. His father immigrated to Canada with the hope of better wages and living conditions, but he found much more in the way of bold ideas and radical philosophies that suited his intellectual pursuits.

Overall, the Douglas family was happy and busy. But, as Lam describes, there was a shadow hanging over them in the guise of illness — young Tommy Douglas had recurring bone infections. In spite of several "country" surgeries, as a teen he was frequently frustrated by periods of being bed-ridden in hospital. If not for a chance encounter with a benevolent surgical specialist, his life could have seen a more tragic outcome.

Says Douglas: "I think it was out of this experience [that] I came to believe that health services ought not to have a price tag on them."

In my mind, Tommy Douglas and Saskatchewan were so intertwined that I had been oblivious to his early Winnipeg days and to the fact that he witnessed the 1919 Winnipeg General Strike firsthand. Now I can't walk down Winnipeg's Main Street without imagining him sitting on a rooftop, legs dangling over the edge, and surveying the melee below.

Each chapter in Lam's book presents a distinct period in Douglas's life and in his growth as a preacher, politician, and advocate. With this spring's federal election still fresh in my mind, I couldn't help but appreciate Douglas's political life even more. Tommy Douglas wasn't the only person or politician to recognize the value of having universal health care, but knowledge without action is impotence. Always outnumbered, his only recourse was to speak truthfully and passionately, yet pragmatically enough to sway decision-makers.

Douglas never gave up. His oratory reputation was such that even opposing MPs would make every effort to attend sessions when Douglas was scheduled to speak.

Health care wasn't Douglas's only

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concern. He fought for living wages for working families, and for them to be supported in difficult times with employment insurance and crop insurance. Under Douglas's premiership, Saskatchewan revamped its civil service, brought electricity to rural areas, and created both the Saskatchewan Arts Board and a bill of rights.

Lam alludes to the lack of sensitivity Douglas sometimes displayed with his colleagues and family members — he notes (as have others) that Douglas always expected the best of himself, too. Lam is also upfront about Douglas's youthful embrace of eugenics, but is quick to demonstrate how the theory held no lasting appeal.

An interesting companion to Lam's biography is Stuart Houston and Bill Waiser's *Tommy's Team*. Thirty-five individuals and one organization are described as the people who believed in Douglas's vision and helped to make it happen. With a lengthy list of people from which to choose, the authors limit their scope to non-politicians. Each subject is listed alphabetically by name, something that at first felt odd to me — perhaps more so for having just read a chronological narrative.

In their introduction, the authors explain that their intent was to produce a publication conducive to repeated forays into the different biographies. As I started to work my way through their book, I realized that they had achieved this. After reading Lam's *Tommy Douglas*, I wanted to know more about the women behind the man — namely, his wife and secretary — and the two relevant chapters satisfied my curiosity.

The one caveat I would offer is that a reader of *Tommy's Team* should be acquainted with the life of Tommy Douglas. Otherwise, the contributions of his friends and colleagues may seem underwhelming.

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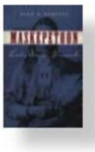
Reviewed by **Tanja Hütter**, the Web Editor for Canada's History and a pragmatic idealist.

# More Books



**Maskepetoon: Leader, Warrior, Peacemaker**
by Hugh A. Dempsey
Heritage House, Victoria, B.C., 2010
256 pp., illus., $19.95 paperback

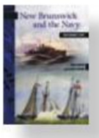
Only a handful of First Nations leaders have transcended the pages of history texts to gain wider recognition, among them Crowfoot, Poundmaker, and Big Bear. Author Hugh A. Dempsey would like to add another name to that list: Maskepetoon.

In his book *Maskepetoon: Leader, Warrior, Peacemaker*, Dempsey argues that this former chief of the Rocky Mountain Cree deserves wider recognition for his role in encouraging peace between the warring tribes of the plains and western foothills, as well as for forging positive relationships with non-natives, particularly the Methodist missionaries who were practising in the region in the mid-1800s.

He was a fierce and respected warrior who consciously chose the path of peace, but Maskepetoon's fate was to be murdered — unarmed and in cold blood — while seeking a truce with his tribe's long-standing enemies, the Blackfoot.

Dempsey, the author of nineteen books on Western Canadian history and the editor of many more, has a novelist's skill for storytelling. Here he has woven a fascinating tale of a little-known chief who was martyred for his pacifist beliefs.

— **Mark Reid**



**New Brunswick and the Navy: Four Hundred Years**
by Marc Milner and Glenn Leonard
Goose Lane, Fredericton, 2010
156 pp., illus., $16.95 paperback

The Canadian Navy celebrated its centennial in 2010, but the naval history of Canada goes back much further. In *New Brunswick and the Navy: Four Hundred Years*, military historian Marc Milner and his University of New Brunswick colleague Glenn Leonard examine Canada's naval history as it relates to New Brunswick (Leonard is an assistant professor in the business administration faculty).

Milner is widely heralded as Canada's premier naval expert. His depth of knowledge shines in *New Brunswick and the Navy*, which is both informative and well-written. While only 156 pages — including acknowledgements, bibliography, and index — the book is filled with plenty of "did you know?" moments about New Brunswick's naval history.

Readers will find information on Seven Year's War conflicts between English and French naval forces, New Brunswick's history as Canada's major East Coast seaport following Confederation, and the province's valuable role as a refit base during the Second World War. A ship-shape read for naval history buffs and laymen alike.

— **Mark Reid**

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CANADA'S HISTORY

# The ties that bind

Lisa MacColl celebrates the friendships forged among women working in Ottawa during World War II.

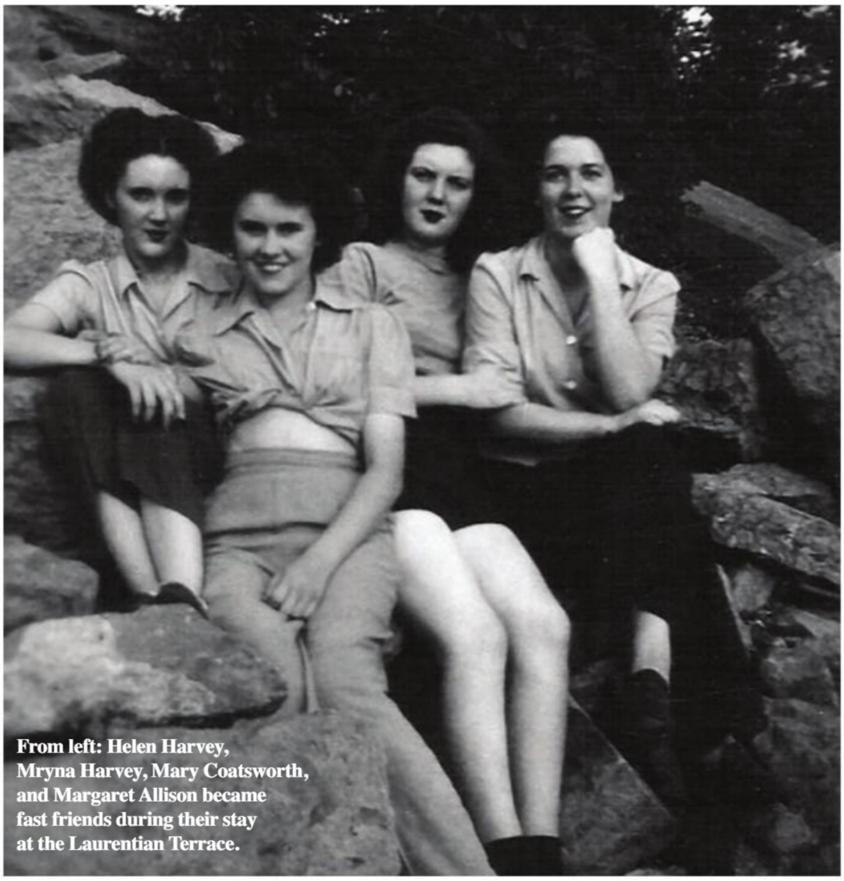
When my mother Myrna Harvey and "the Marys" — Mary McElheran and Mary Coatsworth — visit, they talk about their lives during World War II in Ottawa, working at the Bank of Canada and living in the Laurentian Terrace. The Terrace antics always strike me as so innocent in the midst of the chaos of the time.

In 1943, there were good jobs for single women in the public service in Ottawa, since many of the men were at war. Following in the footsteps of her older sister Helen, sixteen-year-old Myrna Harvey arrived from St. Eugene, Ontario, a farming village nestled along the Ontario-Quebec border. She was destined for a job at the Bank of Canada and room and board at the Terrace.

Built in 1942, and located across from Notre Dame Basilica, the Terrace was home for approximately 350 single, female federal government employees. It was constructed to address the wartime housing shortage for workers and consisted of four wings of three storeys each built in a cross shape.

For eight dollars for a shared room or $9.50 for a single room per week, residents received room and board, meals, and linens, including one clean sheet per week. The clean sheet became the bed's top sheet and the previous week's top sheet moved to the bottom. There were laundry facilities and the women ironed on a shoe box or on a towel on the dresser. Myrna's monthly wage averaged thirty-five dollars. She shared a room with Margaret Allison and, later, Mary Coatsworth. She could afford the four-dollar train fare home once a month.

Meals at the Terrace were predictable. Breakfast consisted of toast, coffee or tea, and porridge. Lunch was soup and salad. The residents ate lunch at the Terrace daily, often running to return to work on time. Dinner was usually chicken or boiled dinner — typically, beef and vegetables boiled in a thin gravy.



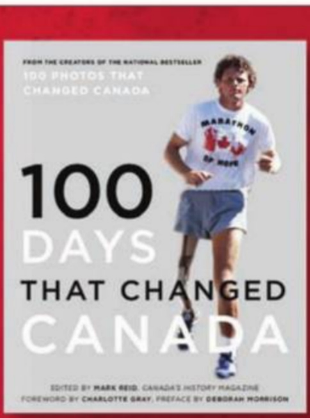
**From left: Helen Harvey, Mryna Harvey, Mary Coatsworth, and Margaret Allison became fast friends during their stay at the Laurentian Terrace.**

COURTESY LISA MACCOLL

"They called it lamb, but you could smell it from the lobby. My father told me it must have been mutton," Myrna explained. "It was hard to eat, but if you were hungry, you ate it anyway." Mary McElheran confessed to eating "a lot of mustard sandwiches" when the meals were unappetizing.

Many of the women worked Saturday mornings, but Sunday mornings at the Terrace were more relaxed. The women were permitted to go to the dining room in their dressing gowns. Breakfast was bacon and eggs, and Mary Coatsworth recalled that the pastry chef baked wonderful pies. Margaret Allison, one of my mother's friends, was popular and spent afternoons writing to soldiers overseas.

"Margaret would sit at the desk on Sunday afternoon, writing letter after letter and firing them in a pile. She would address the envelopes and stuff the letters into them one after another," Myrna laughed. "Once, she mixed up two letters. One soldier was amused, but the other one was devastated and phoned the Terrace. Margaret wasn't available, so he asked for me and I had to console him." Myrna occasionally served as stand-in date when Margaret was overbooked. Myrna would benefit from a dinner date with a soldier until Margaret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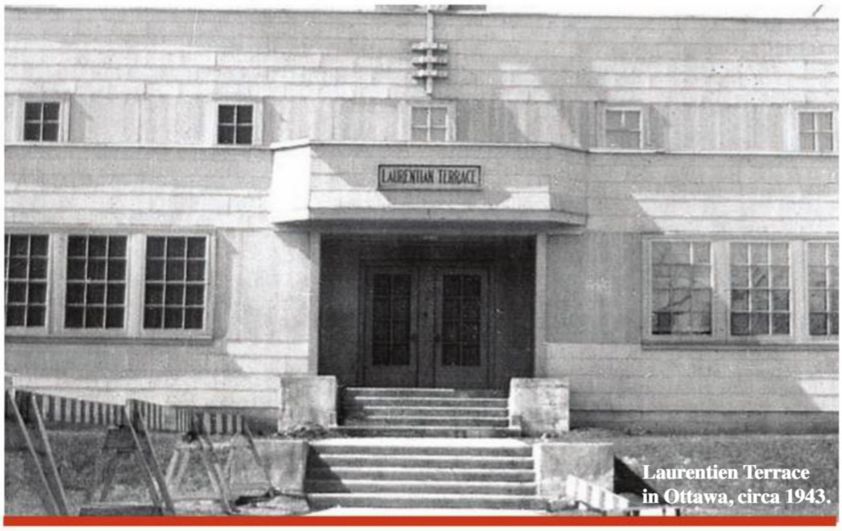
arrived from her previous date to go dancing with him.

The Terrace residents were forbidden from inviting gentlemen to their rooms. Fire doors were greased to dissuade people from touching them in an attempt to sneak in. The front door was locked at midnight and late arrivals would have to wait for the security guard. The more adventurous women, including Mary McElheran, snuck in through the furnace room.

By day, residents at the Terrace were responsible government employees working at the Bank of Canada, or the war ministry, or in similar positions. By evening, the teenagers were sliding down the hall in their socks, gossiping and doing their hair.



Laurentien Terrace in Ottawa, circa 1943.

COURTESY LISA MACCOLL

The friends you made at the Terrace were lifelong friends.

Men were in abundance in wartime Ottawa. Dates were announced by phone call. On Saturday evenings, soldiers would turn up in the lobby and the receptionist would phone upstairs to see if anyone was interested in an evening out. Money and clothing were scarce, so it was common practice to pool resources. The girls would kit out the girl going on the date and the rest would gather around the window above the front door to watch the departure.

Bad news travelled fast in the Terrace, and the women supported each other when telegrams arrived bringing news of family, friends, and boyfriends missing or killed in action at the front. "The friends you made at the Terrace were lifelong friends," Mary McElheran explained. "Everyone pulled together and pooled resources."

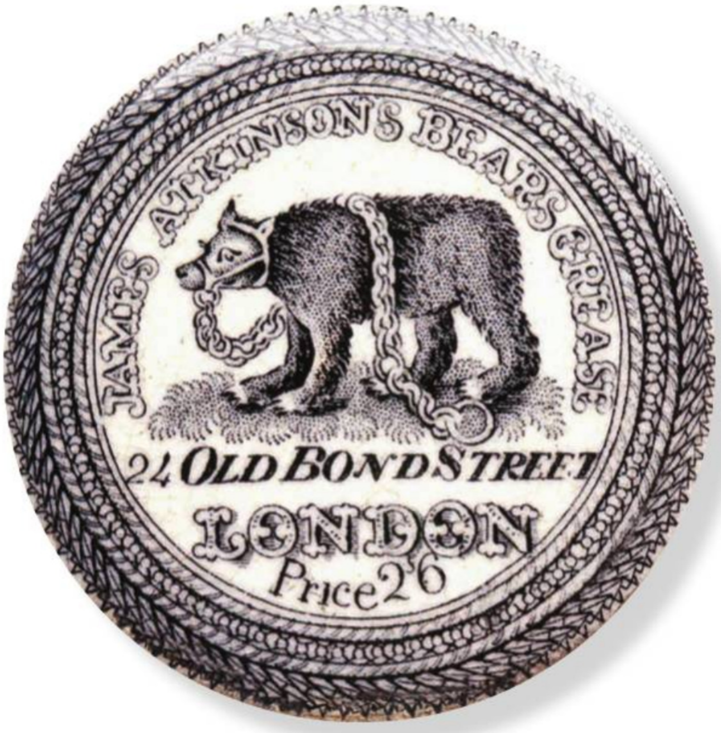
Mary Coatsworth married Buddy, an aviator she met on the train going home to St. Eugene with Myrna for a weekend. Myrna married Jack, whom she met at the wedding of one of her Bank of Canada friends. He was the groom's brother. Mary McElheran returned to work at the Bank of Canada after her marriage and worked in the communications department until her retirement. Margaret Allison married Eric, one of her legion of beaus. They were a love match until cancer took Margaret in the 1990s.

The Terrace was torn down in the early 1960s, and today the land is occupied by the National Gallery of Canada. Sixty-plus years later, Myrna and the Marys have weathered marriage, child rearing, and widowhood, and they remain close friends who laugh in shared remembrance of life at the Laurentian Terrace.

Freelance writer Lisa MacColl is currently working on a book about the history of the Laurentian Terrace.

# TALES AND TREASURES

From the rich legacy of the Hudson's Bay Company



## Hair pomade

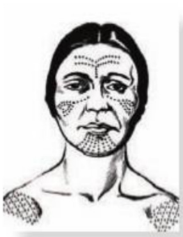
In the early nineteenth century, hair pomade was a fashionable item used by men to keep their locks neat and shiny. This James Atkinson brand from London, England, was made of bear grease. A chained bear graced its lid, possibly to indicate man's dominance over animals. Bear grease was a common pomade ingredient and was said to be useful as a hair restorative. Priced at two shilling six pence, bear fat was one of the many commodities the Hudson's Bay Company bought and sold. Like many items manufactured today, the raw product was sent out of the country to be processed, and then returned to Canada to be sold. By the twentieth century, bears became more difficult to obtain and the grease was replaced by beeswax, lard, or petroleum jelly. —**B.T.**

## In The Beaver…

### 90 years ago

**Bird in the sky**

A "high-pitched, droning noise" brought great excitement to the HBC base at Moose Factory on August 27, 1920. The great bird in the sky was a Curtiss HS-2L seaplane, said to have arrived to take motion pictures of the life and customs of the northern Canadian inhabitants. Some of residents busily snapped pictures, while others just stood gazing at the mysterious craft, the January 1921 issue reported.



### 60 years ago

**Marks of beauty**

In September 1951, Douglas Leechman told readers how Inuit women tattooed their faces and bodies. He relates how Captain Martin Frobisher may have been the first white man to describe tattooing in the Canadian Arctic, which was similar to that found in Greenland, Alaska, and Siberia. The fascinating article is well documented with photographs and illustrations.

### 30 years ago

**Nearly royalty**

In the Autumn 1981 article on Lord and Lady Aberdeen, we are given an intimate look at the life of the well-to-do who homesteaded in Canada. Based on Lady Ishbel's journals, we learn of the family's ambitious and costly Okanagan farm and cannery, which they started in 1891.

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The Hudson's Bay Company, founded in 1670, launched *The Beaver* (now *Canada's History* magazine) in 1920. To explore the history and heritage of the HBC, and to read stories from ninety-one years of its flagship magazine, go to **CanadasHistory.ca**.

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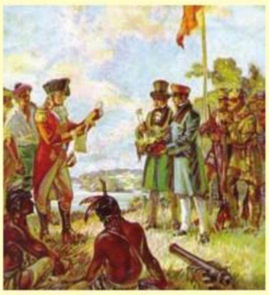
# SELKIRK'S SETTLEMENT

## The creation of the Red River Colony two hundred years ago sparked conflict in Assiniboia.

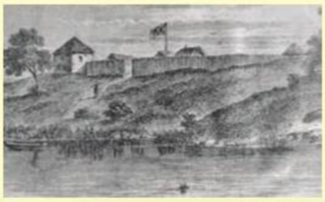
### 1811



Thomas Douglas, fifth Earl of Selkirk, acquires 300,000 square kilometres of land in the Winnipeg basin from the Hudson's Bay Company. Selkirk offers destitute Scots a "better life" in Assiniboia and chooses Miles Macdonell as governor of the area.

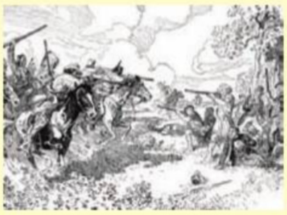
### 1812

Two groups of Scots set out but are forced to winter on the shore of Hudson Bay at York Factory, arriving in the northern area of the Red River Valley in the spring. The Red River Colony, or Selkirk Settlement, sets up base near the junction of the Red and Assiniboine rivers (now downtown Winnipeg) and builds Fort Douglas.



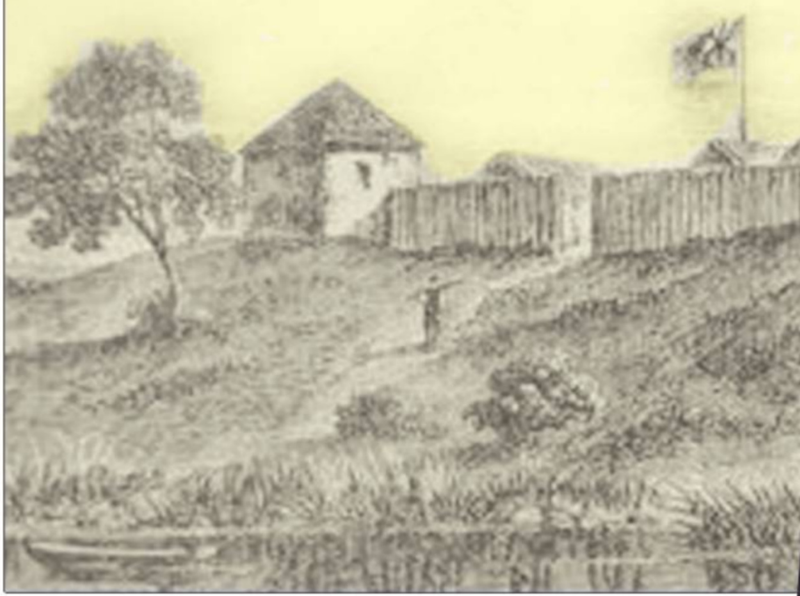
### 1814

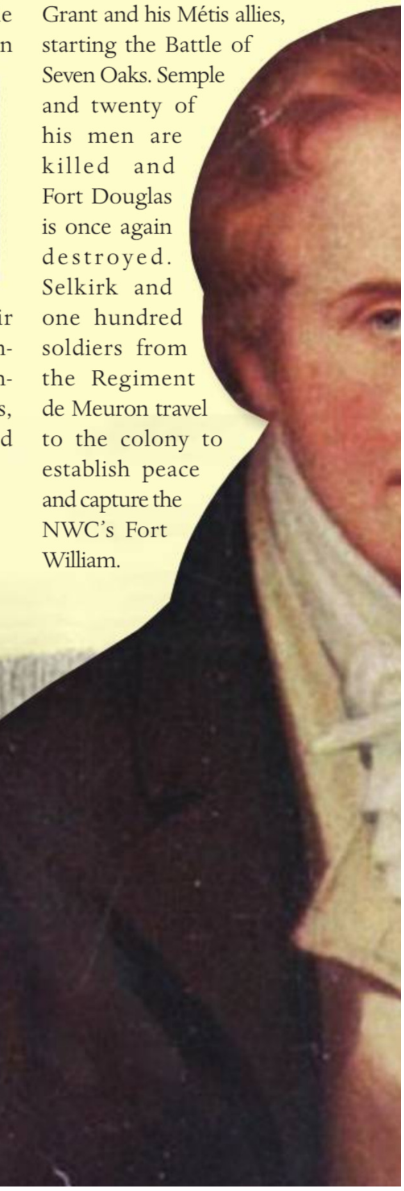
After a poor crop year in 1813, Macdonell proclaims that food cannot be taken out of the colony. The North West Company traders are unable to get a supply of pemmican from local Métis for their canoe brigades and the Pemmican War starts. The Northwesters ally with the Métis, burning Fort Douglas and arresting Macdonell.



### 1816

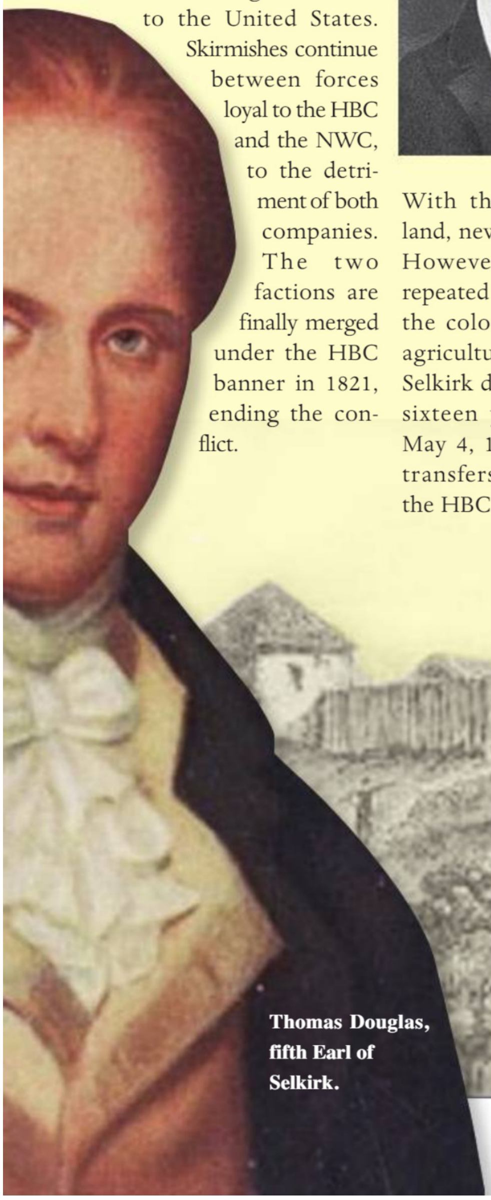
Selkirk appoints Robert Semple governor and commands him to rebuild Fort Douglas. On June 19, Semple challenges Cuthbert Grant and his Métis allies, starting the Battle of Seven Oaks. Semple and twenty of his men are killed and Fort Douglas is once again destroyed. Selkirk and one hundred soldiers from the Regiment de Meuron travel to the colony to establish peace and capture the NWC's Fort William.





### 1818

The Treaty of 1818 sets the boundary between the United States and British North America. The southern portion of Selkirk's grant is ceded to the United States. Skirmishes continue between forces loyal to the HBC and the NWC, to the detriment of both companies. The two factions are finally merged under the HBC banner in 1821, ending the conflict.

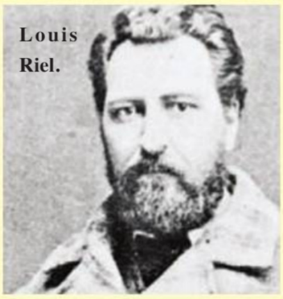


**Thomas Douglas, fifth Earl of Selkirk.**

### 1820–1836

With the lure of free land, new settlers arrive. However, locusts and repeated flooding plague the colony, stunting its agricultural production. Selkirk dies in 1820, and sixteen years later, on May 4, 1836, his family transfers Assiniboia to the HBC.

### 1869–1870



**Louis Riel.**

The Hudson's Bay Company negotiates to sell the territorial rights of Rupert's Land — which includes the Red River Valley — to Canada. The Métis fear the loss of their land and culture, and the Red River Rebellion starts in 1869 under the leadership of Louis Riel. In 1870, the colony becomes part of Canada and the Province of Manitoba is created.

### 2007

The city of Winnipeg honours the Selkirk settlers by unveiling a statue on Waterfront Drive near the Red River, where the Scots first arrived. It is a full-scale bronze replica of *The Emigrants* in Helmsdale, Scotland. The original statue was commissioned to commemorate the thousands of Scots who were forced to leave Scotland during the Highland Clearances of the nineteenth century.

TINA LOO

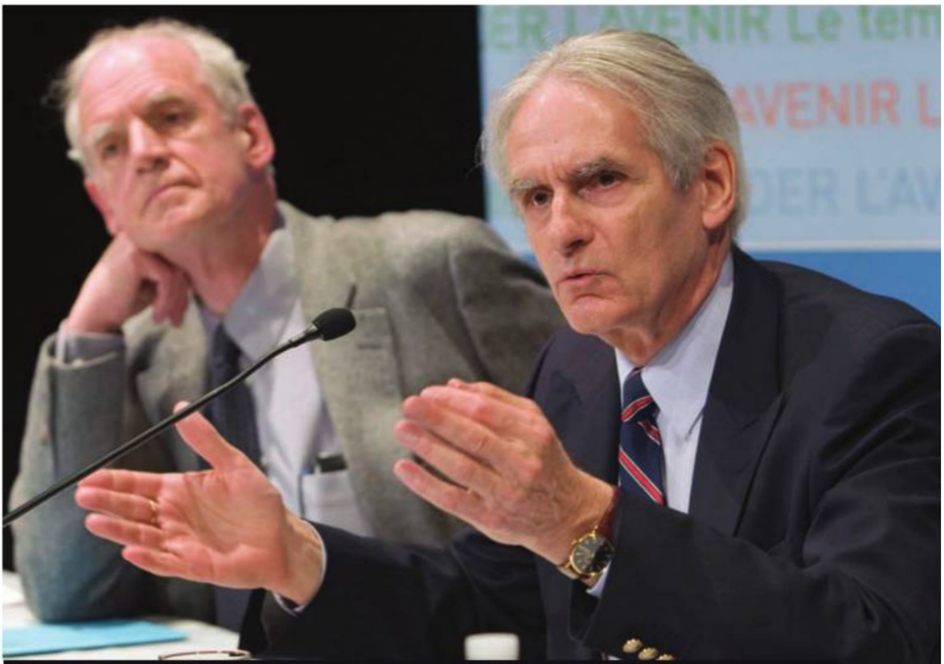
# Hotel Canada

Is our policy of multiculturalism, which turns forty this year, actually hurting the country?

When novelist Yann (*Life of Pi*) Martel called Canada "the greatest hotel on earth," he meant it as a compliment — here is a country that "welcomes people from everywhere." But before he knew it, the chattering classes seized on his metaphor to launch yet another attack on multiculturalism. Yes, they argued, Canada is a hotel, and it is full of people "sleepwalking to segregation."

Now that multiculturalism has reached middle age, it's time for a little reflection, exploring how history might help assess one of Canada's most well-known policies.

Forty years ago this fall, when Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau rose in the House of Commons to announce his government's newest policy, he couldn't have known it would shape how people in Canada and around the world thought about cultural diversity, freedom, and national unity.



CANADIAN PRESS

**Quebec academics Charles Taylor and Gérard Bouchard argue that multiculturalism in Canada should be replaced with interculturalism.**

"National unity, if it is to mean anything in the deeply personal sense, must be founded on confidence in one's own individual identity," he insisted. "Out of this can grow respect for that of others and a willingness to share ideas, attitudes and assumptions. A vigorous policy of multiculturalism will help create this initial confidence. It can form the base of a society which is based on fair play for all."

It was a bold statement and an important precedent. Canada was the first Western country to establish a multiculturalism policy and is the only one in the world to enshrine multiculturalism in its constitution. When it was announced in 1971, it enjoyed all-party support. Insofar as there was any criticism, it came from Robert Stanfield and the Progressive Conservative Party; why, they wanted know, had the Liberals waited so long to introduce a policy that was so glaringly sensible and needed?

As anyone who has paid even the slightest bit of attention to the news in the last decade will know, multiculturalism no longer inspires politicians and pundits to choruses of "Kumbaya." In the same year multiculturalism policy became law, Trinidadian-born Quebecker and novelist Neil Bissoondath condemned the ghettoization it supposedly encouraged and took issue with how it defined culture. Multiculturalism supposedly reduced diversity to the exotic and commodifiable, contributing to a heightened and yet shallow sense of difference: Canada is dragon dances and bhangra; perogies and penne.

More recently, philosopher Charles Taylor and historian Gérard Bouchard suggested multiculturalism be replaced with "interculturalism." If the problem with Hotel Canada was that there was "no *there* there" — that it was a safe and comfortable place to land with no distinguishing features — then the solution was to provide some definition. The two academics contended that the "reasonable accommodation" of minorities in Quebec should occur within a common civic culture defined by language and liberal democratic values.

Debates about the effects of multiculturalism haven't been limited by our borders. After 9/11, the critiques became international as fears about the lack of integration became tied to the growth of extremism. In Germany, Chancellor Angela Merkel declared multiculturalism had "utterly failed." British Prime Minister David Cameron called for his country to adopt a "more muscular liberalism," one that embraced tolerance but also set out a vision of the society that clearly signalled what was expected of its members.

In the United States, supposedly the great melting pot, influential thinker Robert Putnam argued that there was less civic engagement — less volunteering, less giving to charity, less community — in places that were less homogeneous. "Diversity, at least in the short run," he writes, "seems to bring out the turtle in all of us." We pull in, not trusting our neighbours.

Despite the choruses of disapproval from within and without, the multiculturalism policy persists in Canada. Are we deluding ourselves in thinking it's a good thing?

Political scientists are doing important work surveying public opinion to answer multiculturalism's critics, but we don't need to rely solely on pollster Angus Reid to provide us with some perspective on the debate: Canada's history does, too.

One of the main criticisms levelled at multiculturalism is that it works against the very unity it's supposed to promote. While ethnicity and race certainly have been barriers to integration, they're not the only ones. Historically, one of the biggest challenges to social integration was the divide between rich and poor. There were wealthy neighbourhoods and underprivileged ones, but places like Halifax's North and South End and Vancouver's Shaughnessy and Strathcona — economic enclaves all — haven't provoked the same kind of anxieties about segregation.

Indeed, recent surveys suggest residential segregation among the Chinese in Canada — currently the highest among immigrant groups — doesn't provoke alarm because Chinese-Canadians are relatively well-integrated economically. When segregation becomes worrisome is when it's combined with poverty and high unemployment.

If our concern is unity, then is divisiveness any more acceptable if it's caused by disparities in wealth? By defining diversity in terms of ethnicity and race, multiculturalism policy addresses just one cause, albeit an important one, of social fragmentation. But this can divert us from the need to overcome other obstacles among immigrant communities and the Canadian population as a whole — like the class divide — that stand in the way of achieving the social integration supporters and critics of multiculturalism alike want.

Places like Shaughnessy and Strathcona can't be categorized with a single adjective; ethnic and economic ghettoes, the former was home to wealthy Brits and Scots and the latter to working-class Brits, Italians, Ukrainians, and Chinese. These neighbourhoods and their residents had multiple identities that shaped their senses of belonging. Given this, the all-too-common assertion that people should be "Canadian" first is a bit facile. "Identity," as Robert Stanfield argued, "is a complex thing."

Having multiple affiliations doesn't make us less of one thing or more of another. People aren't necessarily less Canadian because they carry other passports or have other homelands to which they feel a deep connection. Identity isn't a zero-sum game.

In fact, historically, being Canadian meant having an abiding attachment to another country — namely, Britain. Imperialism was at the heart of Canadian nationalism. In that context, no one would have called Daisy Phillips and her husband Jack "un-Canadian" because Jack, like many English immigrants to Canada, went back "home" to fight for the British in the First War, abandoning their orchard in British Columbia's Windermere Valley.

The imperial tie also shaped how people responded to conscription in the two World Wars. Critics of conscription argued that these were European conflicts in which Canadians shouldn't be compelled to participate. To the Empire's supporters, such opinions and the people who gave voice to them — many of them Quebeckers — bordered on the treasonous. After all, "we" were fighting for "King and country."

Perhaps the most important things history reveals are the circumstances that create belonging. The waves of immigrants that arrived in the late-nineteenth and early twentieth centuries to settle the Prairies did so without the benefit of any multicultural policy. But their successful integration shouldn't fool us into thinking the process is automatic. Agricultural immigrants to the Prairies found jobs busting sod on their own homesteads or on those of others; their incorporation into Canada was helped in part by an economic context that didn't depend as much on language skills or formal education for success. In cities, the integration of immigrants was facilitated by churches like J.S. Woodsworth's All People's Mission in Winnipeg, which provided language instruction, clothing, and help finding jobs to needy newcomers.

Before we conclude that multiculturalism isn't working, we need to realize that integration doesn't just happen. It's the outcome of a particular economic, social, political, and institutional context; of civil society as well as state intervention.

If we agree that immigrants remain crucial to Canada's continued growth, then we need to recognize that promoting immigration means investing ourselves in integration. That's the only surefire way to make a hotel a home.

University of British Columbia historian Tina Loo comments regularly in *Canada's History*.

## Coming in the next issue of Canada's History

### Holding the Fort

On the banks of Quebec's Richelieau River stands Fort Chambly, a vaguely medieval-looking fortress that is one of Canada's most popular National Historic Sites. Yet few Canadians know the story behind it.
By René Chartrand.

### Amundsen's Family Secrets

For over a century, Roald Amundsen stood alone as a Norwegian national hero and the most successful polar explorer of all time. But a completely different story is now emerging about Amundsen's close interactions with the Inuit.
By George Tombs.

### 5 Days That Changed Canada

An indepth look at some key dates that changed the course of history in our country.
By Canada's History Staff.

# The great divide

Coming to Canada by sea or by air makes a big difference.

I was talking history once with a school class in north Toronto. The students were friendly, laughing, glad to have a classroom visitor to enliven the day. They personified that tremendous ethnocultural mix we now see in Canadian cities. The school had a poster in the hall listing the vast range of languages its families spoke at home. Many of these kids or their parents had recently lived in Somalia, or Guatemala, or China.

Can you engage a group like that with the staples of Canadian history — the fur trade, the Plains of Abraham, Louis Riel, the Great Depression, and the Constitution? Yes, you can. And one place I often start is with immigration itself.

How newcomers and the already-settled relate to each other could be the central story of Canadian history, I like to say. For a long time, people have been coming from other places to live here.

That day, I displayed to the class a photograph of one immigrant group: Hungarian refugees from the suppressed anti-Soviet revolution of 1956. The photo showed a group of them walking up the gangplank from a ship at Halifax or Montreal. I mentioned that a shipside gangplank was also how I set foot in this country, as a toddler guided by my mother and big brothers.

I was about to go on, but the whole class had stopped dead and was gaping at me. What silenced them was not that their big-time historian guest was an immigrant just like them. What had them suddenly staring at me was the idea that I had immigrated to Canada on a ship.

For them, arriving in Canada meant dropping into Toronto's airport in a Boeing 747 or an Airbus. Pearson International Airport was their Pier 21; they had always thought it was everyone's.

Now they had to imagine different ways of coming to Canada. Steamships and sailing ships and the trains that met them at the coasts had a whole new relevance for them. We had a new history to talk about.

Reading Peter Pigott's recent history of Canadian Pacific ships, *Sailing Seven Seas*, reminded me of that great divide, the one between ship people and plane people.

In 1955 ships still carried more people to Canada than planes did, but by 1960 the number of air passengers nearly tripled the shipboard arrivals.

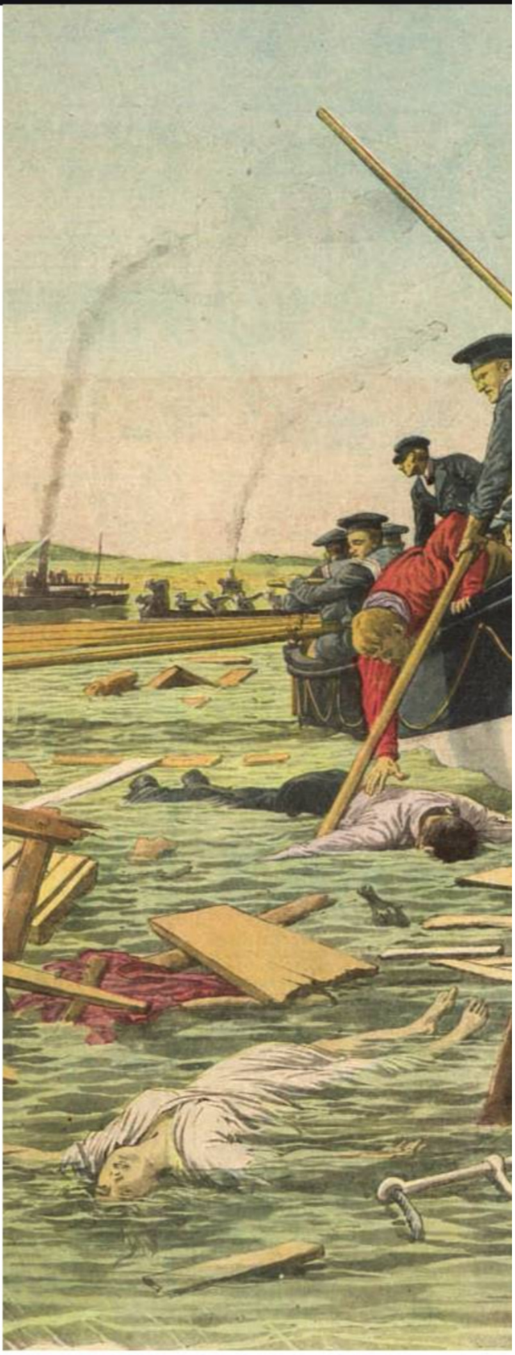
My family, and those Hungarian refugees a few years later, were among the last shipboard immigrants to Canada, the end of a line that went back to the settlers of New France and Newfoundland in the 1600s, the Irish famine refugees of 1847, and the central Europeans who would people the Prairies in the early 1900s.

Pigott has been mostly an aviation writer, and his historical context sometimes wobbles, but *Sailing Seven Seas* powerfully confirms that the famous last spike in the trans-Canadian railroad in 1885 completed only half of Canadian Pacific's master plan.

Even as the trains got rolling, the company was launching ships for Atlantic and Pacific service.

Canadian Pacific's reach extended not just from Montreal to Vancouver, but from Liverpool to Hong Kong and Yokohama. Its shipping empire was big and enduring.

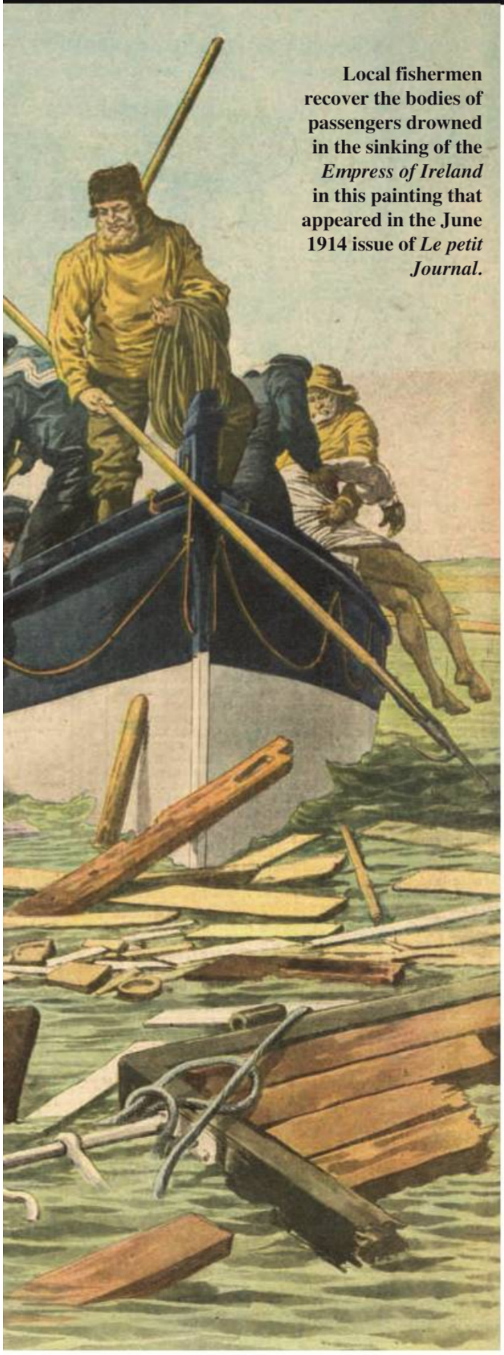
Canadian Pacific entered the shipping business soon after steam and



CANADIAN PRESS

iron had replaced wood and sail. Within a few years, it competed for pre-eminence in passenger traffic with the great fleets of Cunard, Hamburg-America, and the French Line.

Where the Americans had Presidents and the Cunard Line its



**Local fishermen recover the bodies of passengers drowned in the sinking of the *Empress of Ireland* in this painting that appeared in the June 1914 issue of *Le petit Journal*.**

famous *Queens*, Canadian Pacific had the *Empresses*, beginning with the *Empresses of India*, *Japan*, and *China* in the Pacific, and continuing with *Empresses of Canada, Britain, France*, and others in the Atlantic.

Pigott writes, "Every new ship that entered the North Atlantic run boasted a higher standard of luxury and comfort for its passengers than its predecessors."

But luxury was not for everyone. Assisted passage migrants and "home children" in immigrant class never saw the first-class staterooms.

The strict class system even applied to the crew: Those who worked the immigrant decks might wait years for promotion to the upper levels. And though the Atlantic was always an immigration highway, the Pacific mostly was not. During the passenger-ship era, Canada did all it could to prevent immigration from Asia.

The ocean fleets had some great disasters. The *Empress of Ireland* went down in the St. Lawrence in 1914, with a loss of over a thousand lives. In the Second World War, the *Empresses of Canada, Asia*, and *Britain* were lost to enemy action — the *Empress of Britain* was the largest such ship sunk during the war.

In 1940 a Canadian Pacific merchant ship, the *Beaverford*, confronted the German pocket battleship *Admiral Scheer*, which gave most of its convoy time to escape. But the encounter resulted in the destruction of the *Beaverford* with the loss of all hands.

Into the twenty-first century, CP Ships remained among the world's leading container fleets. But the Canadian saga of ocean-going passenger liners ended with the sale of another *Empress of Canada* in 1971.

I learned from Pigott's book that the *Empress of France* that brought my family to Canada began as one of the top-heavy "drunken Duchesses," so named for the way they rolled in bad weather. A great storm, in fact, is almost my only memory of our voyage — and a highlight of my family's immigration story.

Canadians who preserve immigration memories involving a sea passage are a dwindling minority. What will today's immigrants remember from a plane flight?

Christopher Moore comments in every issue of *Canada's History*.

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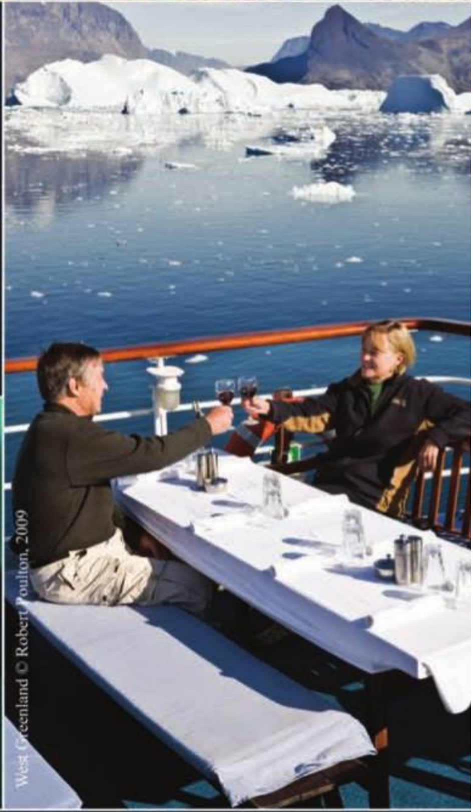

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# Cultured cruising

Katherine McIntyre discovers the rich Aboriginal heritage of coastal British Columbia.

Sea kayakers paddle the waters of coastal British Columbia.

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Refurbished in nautical splendour, with gleaming brass and mahogany trim, the old hospital yacht *Columbia III* sails again. Only now it is a tour boat for Mothership Adventures, taking passengers through the wild and rugged islands in British Columbia's Broughton Archipelago.

We were two of ten guests on board — a mother-and-daughter team, both ready for our cruise with culture.

Orienting ourselves on our little ship we met Ross Campbell, the captain, who kept us afloat and entertained us with stories of coastal life. His wife Fern and their daughter Miray did everything else to make sure we were comfortable. This included three gourmet meals and fresh cookies emerging daily from a very small galley.

Lillian Hunt of the Namgis First Nation brought the history and culture of the Kwakwaka'wakw to life as we plied the waters of Queen Charlotte Strait between the mainland and the northern portion of Vancouver Island.

Our first day of discovery began at the U'mista Cultural Centre in Alert Bay, a small community of about 550 people on Cormorant Island. The modern, cedar-lined log building sits beside a worn and deserted three-storey former residential school. At the centre we discovered the unhappy history behind the Kwakwaka'wakw's unique collection of ancient potlatch masks and regalia.

The sorry tale begins in the late nineteenth century, when a federal government Indian agent was pressed by missionary groups and ruled that potlatch ceremonies were pagan and therefore must be banned. All ceremonial family masks and regalia were to be seized. Eventually, many of these items ended up in the hands of museums and private collectors around the world. It was a terrible cultural loss for the Kwakwaka'wakw people.

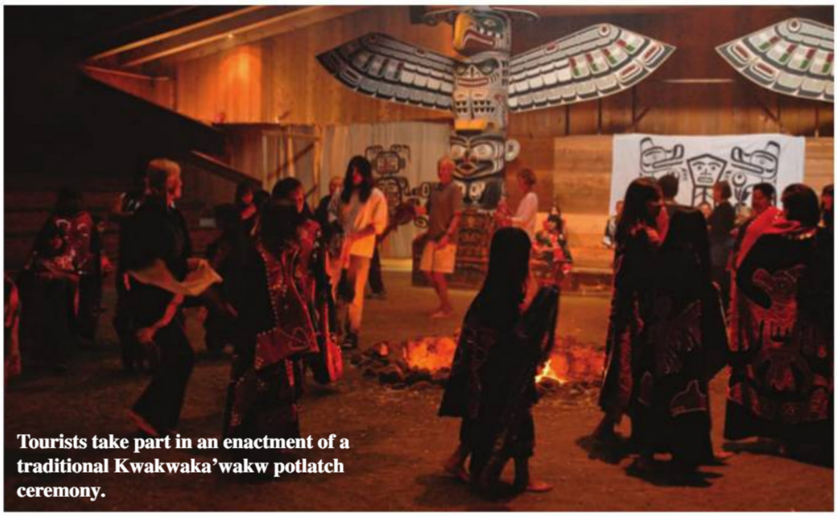
Outside the centre, there are beautifully carved totem poles, which are a visible form of the history of the people. "In our culture, everything goes back to the earth," Hunt explains. The totem poles — worn by time and by the elements — illustrate the triumphs and tragedies of past generations.

The presence of the former residential school is a continuing reminder of the tragedy that saw children from across Canada taken from their families and deprived of their Aboriginal culture. Thanks to the efforts of dedicated community members, "we are relearning our heritage," Hunt says.

Inside the U'mista Centre are several magnificent masks recovered from the Canadian Museum of Civilization in Ottawa — stylized owls, wolves, and ghostly faces with bulging black eyes and cedar strips for hair. Each series of masks tells the story of births, marriages, deaths, hunts, and trophies.

Hunt leads visitors to the local big house just up the road from the U'mista Centre.

The big house is a great cedar hall reminiscent of an original tribal big house, with a stage at one end. Sitting on bleacher-style



Tourists take part in an enactment of a traditional Kwakwaka'wakw potlatch ceremony.

MIRAY CAMPBELL/MOTHERSHIPADVENTURES.COM

seats, we watch local residents — costumed and masked — performing traditional potlatch dances. Swept up by the drumming, chants, and rhythms, we joined the dancers.

Each morning during the visit, we left the *Columbia III* by Zodiac to explore the scenery and culture of the surrounding area. One day we viewed an ancient chief's burial box on top of a tree. Another day, we headed to a midden, a white wall of clamshells that had been discarded over the centuries.

We also explored a deserted village. A highlight was seeing an old school. Half-hidden behind a mass of huckleberry bushes, its roof covered in moss, the school now sits rotting in the heavy rainforest.

We also cherished our time spent aboard the *Columbia III*. We kept our cameras at the ready, photographing everything from mist-shrouded mountains, to leaping and diving white-bellied dolphins, to blazing orange sunsets.

The meals were fresh — often just out of the oven — and cooked to perfection. Ross and Fern Campbell enthralled us with their stories of life in this remote and beautiful region. Each night, we were lulled to sleep in our pocket-sized cabins by the fresh ocean breeze. On our trim little yacht, sailing among the unspoiled and rugged islands of British Columbia, it truly was a magical — and historical — vacation.

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Katherine McIntyre is a freelance writer with an interest in anything unusual or with a historical twist.

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# Pride in Learning

Canada's best history teachers are training a new generation of young historians. by Joel Ralph

Scott Masters' students are preserving the memories and stories of Toronto community members for future generations.

COURTESY SCOTT MASTERS

It's that impact moment in an interview that makes oral history so worthwhile for Scott Masters. Each year his students interview World War II veterans, Holocaust survivors, and, increasingly, members from Toronto's various cultural communities. When one of his students sits across from a real person, it brings their story to life in a way that isn't possible in a textbook.

The oral history project is one of eighteen exciting projects nominated for the 2011 Governor General's Awards for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History. Canada's History Society has been presenting the Governor General's Awards since 1996. We're still astounded by the quality and variety of projects teachers submit each year.

The story of Canada at war is featured prominently in the finalist projects for 2011. Kim Bartlett, from Newmarket, Ontario, asked her students to create care packages to send to soldiers on the Western Front during the First World War, helping them understand the harsh conditions of trench warfare. Cynthia Mundell Hahn's grade 5 students created a book of memories from Second World War veterans in Sherwood Park, just outside of Edmonton, while Francois Desmarais' high school students interviewed veterans of the Montérégie region of Quebec.

Pam Calvert from Oakville, Ontario, and Clint Lovell from Barrie, Ontario, each asked their students to research the stories of local veterans, creating unique memorials to community soldiers.

"I've always held the idea that history isn't in the past, we carry it around inside us," Lovell said. His students created an online video of local veterans that has sparked connections to families across North America. "The students see that they're part of something larger than themselves. It's an accident that they're born here, but the way our country is doesn't happen by accident."

For Yossi Suisa and Niv Stillman, who emigrated from Israel, the story of immigration carries a close personal connection.

They partnered with colleague Lindsay Anderson and created a classroom project that allows students to interview new Canadians from Calgary about why they chose Canada. "Canada's history is made up of immigration stories," Anderson said. "In order to understand Canada as a country, it's [important] to understand the people that make it up."

Many teachers are asking their students to take different approaches to presenting history. Gilles Paulin's students from little Neguac, New Brunswick, created an artistic performance based on all of the knowledge they accumulated during the year. Michael Ernest Sweet and his teaching assistant Raymond Tomasino asked students at their Montreal high school to create a new book, *We Who Listened*, based on their reading of Holocaust stories.

**Cynthia Mundell Hahn from Sherwood Park, Alberta.**

COURTESY CYNTHIA MUNDELL HAHN

**Clint Lovell, second row right, with his students on a field trip.**

COURTESY CLINT LOVELL

"The thing that I've really noticed about kids is that they understand that history is full of wonderful and exciting mysteries, and once they open their minds and hearts to the possibility, all of the students become historians."

Shanelle Browning-Morgan from Windsor, Ontario, and Gregory Birkett from Toronto are both teaching the history of the black community in new and engaging ways. Browning-Morgan traces the genealogy of runaway slaves to her students, while Birkett's students express themselves through visual and written content using poetry, songs, rap music, and more.

Across Canada, more and more students are taking their knowledge of history in the classroom and applying it to community building projects.

Marie-Laure Chevrier's students commemorated the one hundredth anniversary of the French village of Maillardville near Coquitlam, British Columbia, while Raymond Bedard had his students explore history through actual artifacts. For Chad Howie and Sarah Beech, engaging their students means full-scale re-enactments of the Battle of the Plains of Abraham in their Calgary school gymnasium.

Sylvia Smith, from Calgary, has pioneered Project of Heart, a special study into the history of Indian residential schools. Students researched residential schools and then created individual tiles that formed a travelling display.

With cameras rolling, Andrew Stickings and his students have created award-winning documentaries on the history of Halifax. Flora Fung has redeveloped the education programs of the Hong Kong Veterans Association while also starting local history conferences for students to learn about the history of Oshawa, Ontario.

It's exciting to see the many new and engaging ways teachers are teaching history to our young people.

"Everyone is encouraged to investigate and look deeper," says Elizabeth Phipps, Saskatoon teacher. "Student's gain most when they feel empowered and see themselves as a strategic partner in their education."

Phipps' own students created a landscape table of Saskatchewan and tracked changes in the environment over time. The students also created paper illustrations of themselves based on the book *Flat Stanley* and mailed them to hosts across Canada. Their paper twins visited local sites and were mailed back with photos and histories of the communities they visited.

"The thing that I've really noticed about kids is that they understand that history is full of wonderful and exciting mysteries, and once they open their minds and hearts to the possibility, all of the students become historians," Phipps said.

The six recipients of the Governor General's Awards will receive their medals at a special ceremony at Rideau Hall in Ottawa this November.

Joel Ralph is the Manager of Education and Outreach Programs for Canada's History.

# Cherchez la femme !

Tips for finding your great-great-great aunt Louisa. by Paul Jones

OK, you're stumped. You have no idea of the maiden name or family origins of your ancestor Louisa Jones. You've exhausted both family lore and common research sources such as civil registrations and censuses. So you check baptismal records for Louisa's children — and find her commemorated for her efforts as Mrs. Albert Jones. A great help!

But wait, it gets worse. If, as is likely, they were married in Louisa's home parish, you may be stymied in researching Albert's line, too. The church's marriage register is often where we first learn the name of the groom's father. So to find Albert's dad we need to find the register, and to find the register we need to know Louisa's parish.

It's not as though other conventional records will identify Louisa. The typical lady of a nineteenth-century household flew well beneath the radar of most records collectors, including those who updated land records and compiled directories. And as to voters lists, they were just a gleam in Louisa's eye.

Such are the dilemmas for those of us who seek to learn more about the mothers and wives, daughters, and sisters in our family trees. So what to do? How do we find those elusive female ancestors such as Louisa? Here's one approach:

For a quick breakthrough, try conducting a systematic search for her death record, her grave marker, a published obituary, or probate documents. Any or all of these may give you Louisa's birthplace or maiden name, whether explicitly or implicitly in the surname of her father, brothers, and spinster sisters. If you're extra-lucky, you may find a will or obituary that provides rich detail about family structure and origins. As is so often the case in family history research, to go backward in time we first have to come forward — in this case, to Louisa's death.

If that doesn't work, we need to cast our net wider by researching all members of the family and household, even those who may not be direct ancestors. Pay special attention to the men, who were more likely to leave records. Obviously, start with Albert — maybe his will identifies his in-laws as beneficiaries. If you know any of Albert's brothers or cousins, research them too. Don't ignore strangers in the household, especially old-timers; very often, these are aged relatives. Check for witnesses at weddings, especially those of Albert and Louisa's children. And if many members of the family live in one area, take a close look at the neighbours. Most people didn't roam far in bygone days, and they tended to marry nearby. Even if you don't find a smoking gun, make a list of candidate maiden names for Louisa.

**DNA testing is helping genealogists to find their ancestors.**

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After you've examined the entire family, do you see any unexplained naming patterns, perhaps middle names that may once have been a surname? If they were of Scottish origin, for example, Albert and Louisa may well have named their first-born daughter after Louisa's mother, and so on. Other ethnic communities have similar traditions. Make a list of candidate first names for Louisa's parents.

Was Louisa widowed? If so, she may have been a landholder or leaseholder, or she may have enjoyed a lifetime right to her husband's property. This is one time when you may find a woman's name in land records.

Once you've identified some promising names and locations for Louisa's parents, try to find a birth or baptismal record that could be hers. If you hit upon a likely candidate, build the case. Did the same parents have other children? Do any of these tally with the relatives, neighbours, witnesses, or boarders that you've previously identified as being of interest?

If you're really stumped, there are two approaches that are helpful in many genealogical predicaments:

Make a comprehensive timeline for Louisa's life. Timelines are great tools for exposing inconsistencies in your data or drawing attention to gaps in your knowledge. If you have listed Louisa as having children at an unusually early age, perhaps you have misinformation as to her year of birth. If she's into her thirties before having children, was there perhaps an earlier marriage? More often than not, a timeline will suggest further research options.

Finally, consider a heavy-duty DNA test, such as those offered by 23andMe and Family Tree DNA, with a view to finding living descendants of your unidentified ancestors. DNA testing has now reached the point where we can confidently specify those who are fourth or fifth cousins or closer. You share a set of great-great-great-great-grandparents with your fifth cousins, so investigating ancestors as far back as the eighteenth century now falls within the scope of this burgeoning technology. Indeed, your problem will not lie in finding relatives, but rather in figuring out how you are related. As you have sixty-four great-great-great-great grandparents, this is a far-from-trivial matter that we'll leave to another day.

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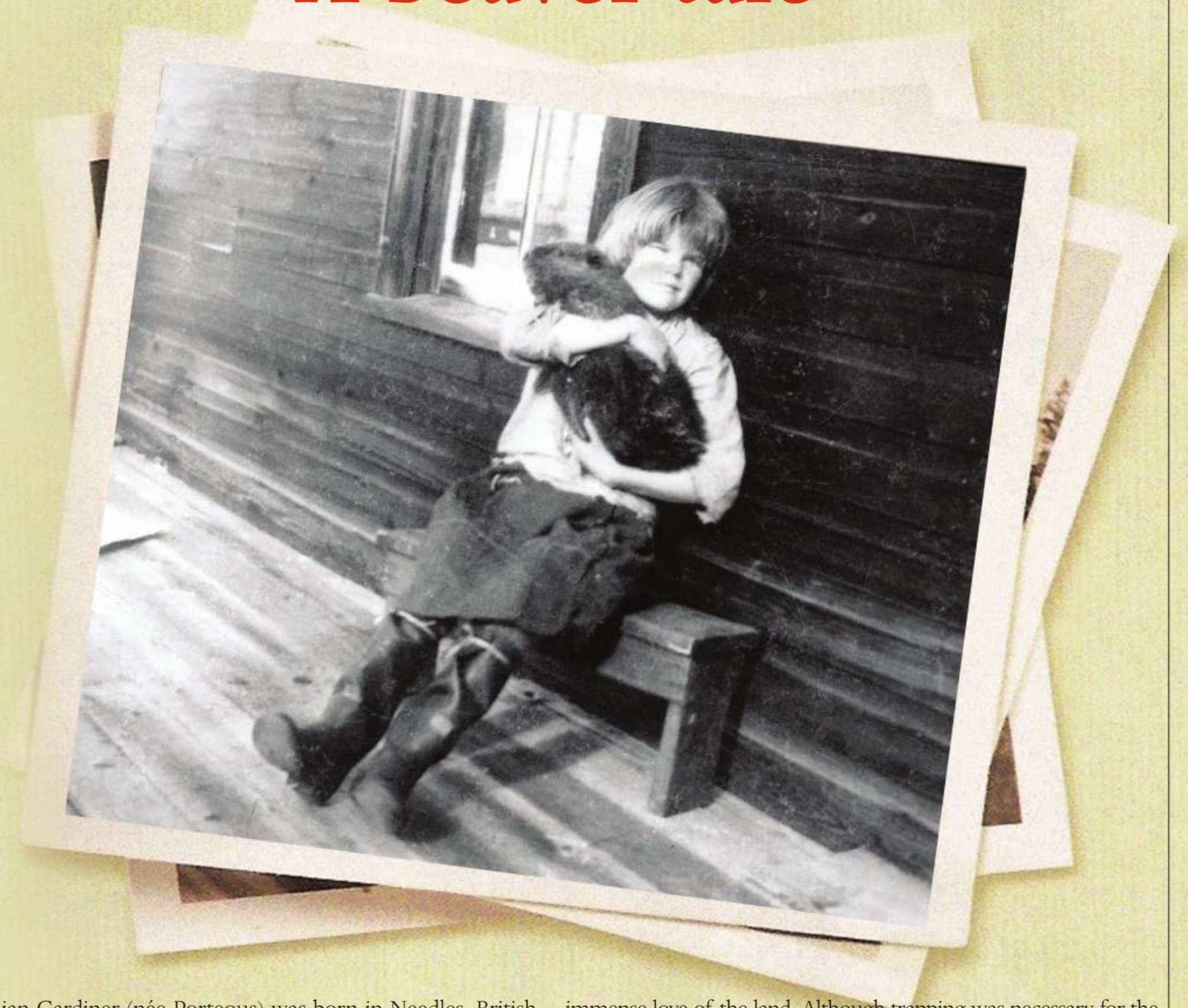
Paul Jones, a former publisher, is a writer, a consultant, and an avid genealogical researcher and volunteer.

Lillian Barton is the daughter of Lillian Gardiner. She resides in Shawnigan Lake, British Columbia. Text by Beverley Tallon.

# A beaver tale



Lillian Gardiner (née Porteous) was born in Needles, British Columbia, on Christmas Day, 1917. She was one of six children who lived in a single-room log cabin for many years.

Most of Lillian's education was of a practical nature. Chopping wood, clearing land, ploughing fields, caring for livestock, and hauling nitroglycerine up the mountain by mule — often alone — were the day's lessons. Frequently, she worked without shoes! At the age of ten, each child was given a rifle, a pair of snowshoes, and a lard pail full of food, and then was sent to work on the trapline.

Lillian learned to survive in the wilderness and developed an immense love of the land. Although trapping was necessary for the family's income, she had great compassion for animals. On one occasion, her trap caught a beaver by its toes. Instead of killing it, ten-year-old Lillian took it home and tamed it.

Here, she is shown sitting on the family's porch holding her pet beaver. She's wearing gumboots with sealer jar rings around the top "to keep the water out."

As her daughter Lillian Barton notes, "My mom was not singular, but an example of the courage and strength that made this country what it is."

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o Canada's History, Bryce Hall, Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9. Or email your submission to album@CanadasHistory.ca. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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